THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIX No. 1817

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NOV. 17 1934

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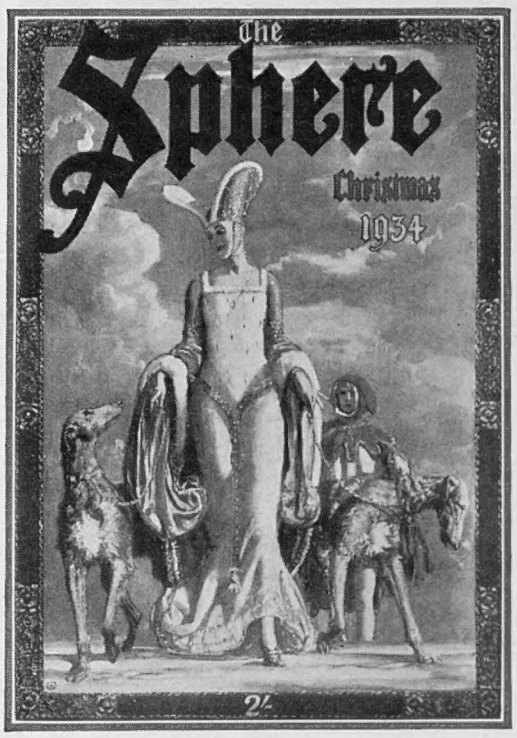

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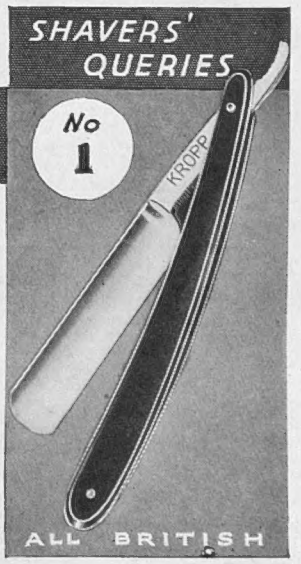

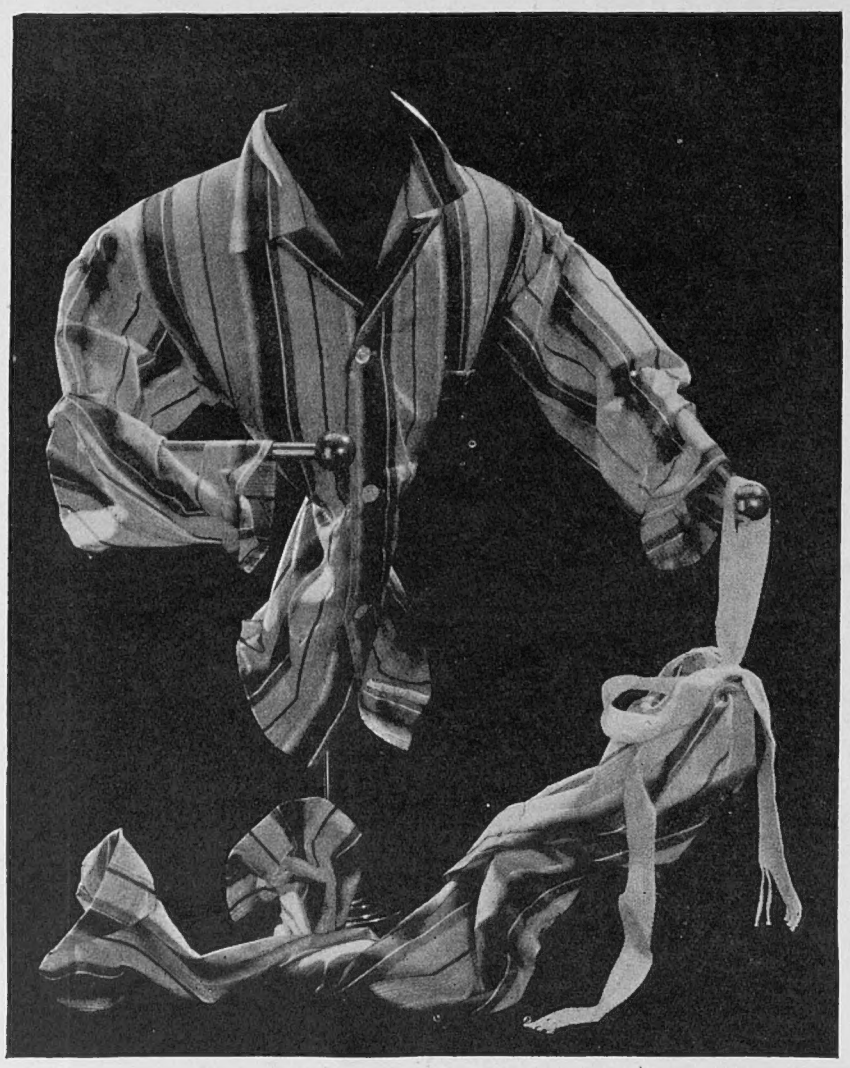

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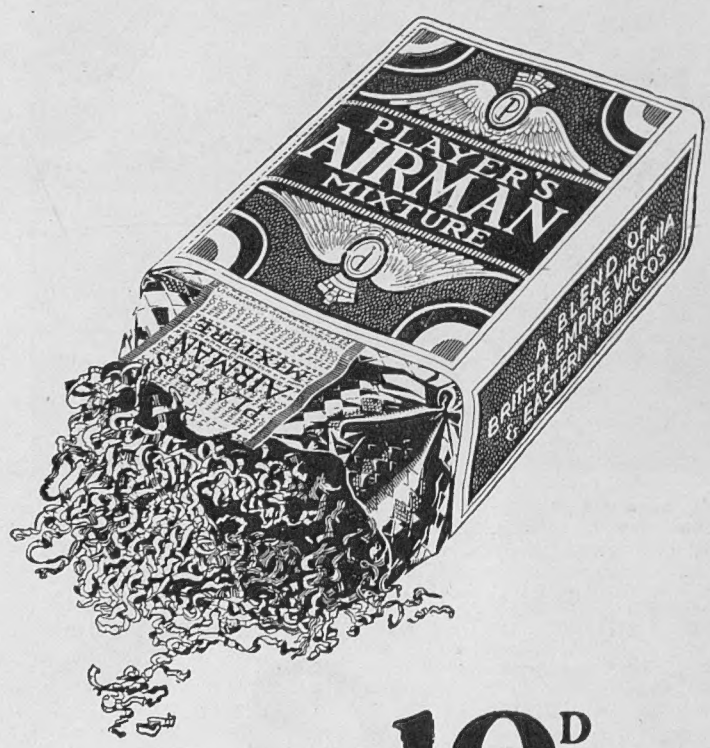

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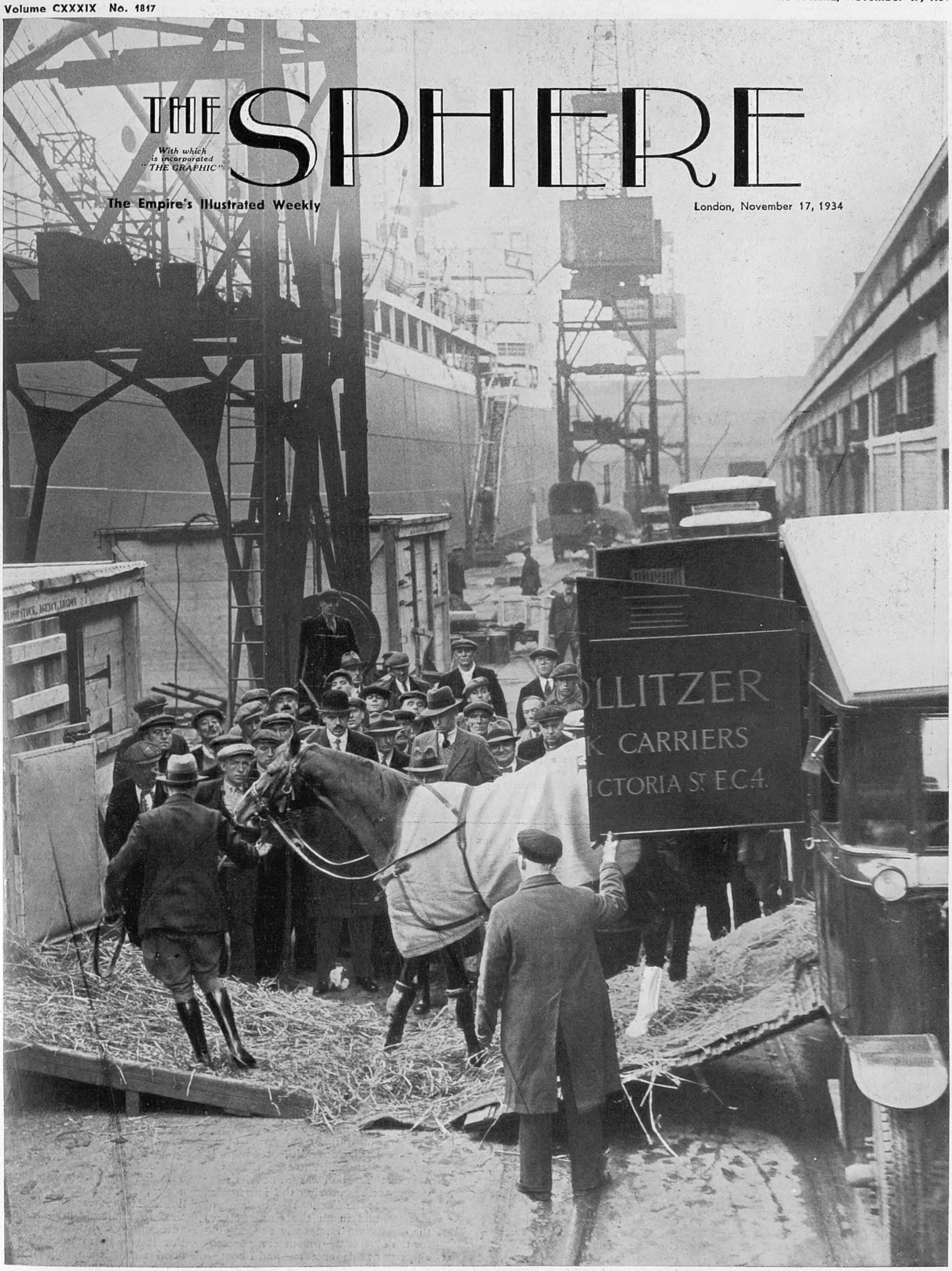
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 17, 1934



A TRIBUTE

To the English Thoroughbred—Three Racehorses Leave for Australia

When Peter Pan, successor of Phar Lap, recently won the Duke of Gloucester Cup and the Melbourne Cup he set the seal on his fame in Australia and at the same time paid an outstanding tribute to his English grandsire, Tracery. The frequent reintroduction of English blood has, in fact, done more than anything else to improve the thoroughbred in the Commonwealth, and there is no doubt that Lo Zingaro, Medieval Knight, and Manitoba, who are now on their way out to Victoria and New South Wales to stand at the stud, will play an important part in the future of Australian racing. The two first named, who belonged to Mr. J. A. Dewar, have not been great performers on the turf but, like Manitoba, they are beautifully bred and have considerable possibilities as sires. Lo Zingaro, who is going to Mr. Sol Green in Melbourne and who is seen here being taken aboard the S.S. *Port Alma* at London Docks, is by the St. Leger and Ascot Gold Cup winner, Solario. Medieval Knight, purchased by Mr. Percy Miller of the Kia Ora stud near Sydney, is a son of Gay Crusader, and Manitoba is by Manna. All three are being shipped by Hailey's Bloodstock Agency

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

LONDON REMEMBERS: Sixteen years have gone by since the first Armistice Day, but this year the service at the Cenotaph was as impressive as any that has gone before and even more largely attended than usual as it was a Sunday. The King, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and representatives of the Army, Navy, and Air Force laid wreaths on the memorial, and, following the two minutes' silence, members of the general public filed past in their thousands to pay homage to the not-forgotten fallen

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

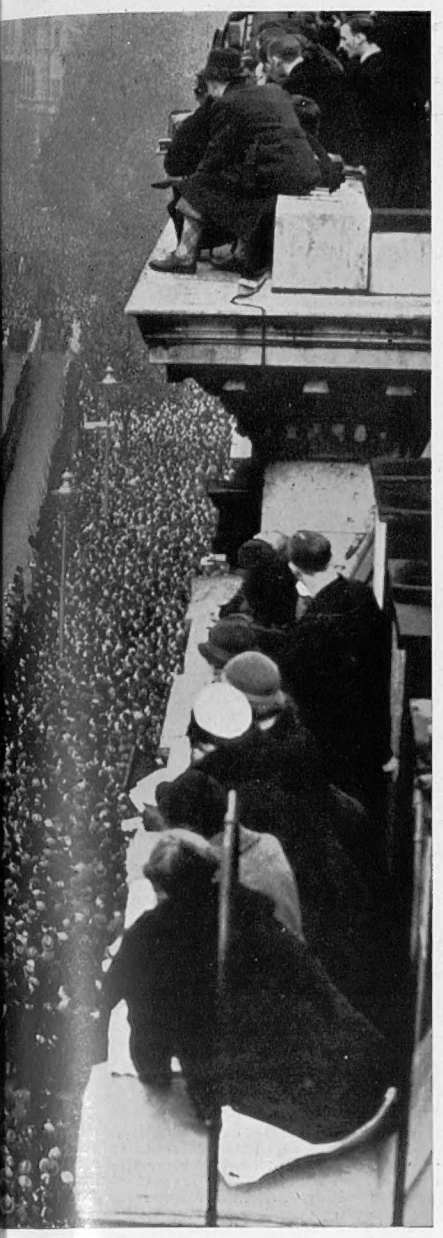
346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 14, 1934.

DOUMERGUE'S LAST EFFORT.—The French Cincinnatus has made his last effort and retired defeated to his farm. To accomplish two things (both of which Circumstance acting on his sense of duty and patriotism forced on him) he was prepared to sacrifice that longer expectation of life which well-earned retirement secured to him. He has got off with nine months' hard labour. Because he saw grave and early trouble ahead of France, he wished to give greater stability and more effective control to her governments. And before her political system collapses from the sheer contempt, ridicule, and loathing of the man in the street, he hoped to re-establish it with some semblance of dignity, security, and patriotism. The cause of France's political instability, which is the laughing stock and anxiety of Europe, is briefly: the security of tenure of the individual deputy and the resulting encouragement given to him to intrigue for party or personal considerations to overthrow the Cabinet. He is safe for four years at least, therefore he can play his own hand without risk. This security has made intrigue and corruption general, and perpetually endangers the life of Cabinets. M. Doumergue sought to cure the evil by giving the head of the Cabinet a counter-weapon. That is, to secure to the Government the right to dissolve the Chamber without recourse to the Senate after the first year of its life. That implied the amendment of Article V of the Constitution. For the rest, he proposed to secure to the Premier wider authority, and that more clearly defined; to give to the Government alone power to impose, until a new Budget is passed, existing Budget provisions (as a means of carrying on); and finally, certain rights and sanctions in relation to the status and conduct of civil servants.

HERRIOT SAYS NO.—The minor amendments, though one of them appeared to smack of dictatorial power, were accepted. But the forging of the counter-weapon which was designed to confound the politics of professional intriguers, and to give at long last to France a reasonably stable government, and to her politics some semblance of decency and dignity and, we may add, of democratic colour, was so stoutly opposed by the handful of Radical-Socialists as to bring M. Doumergue's Government to the ground. The man in the street, we still believe, would take to-day almost any constitutional risk to secure stable and decent government, and to cleanse the Augean stables of political intrigues. The deputies whom the nation elects to Parliament become for their term of security so many old-men-of-the-sea. But the old-men-of-the-sea have got a stranglehold. M. Herriot for good and sufficient (if party or personal) reasons smashed the Cabinet and slipped in as the key of the next. That is French politics all over and, it seems, for ever. It is perhaps a measure of my ignorance of French politics that I detest the name of Herriot. M. Flandin we hail as an Anglophile, a vive-le-sport, a man much photographed shooting grouse in the correct attire. Hence he is expected to have a closer understanding of British needs and aims, political and industrial. I don't see that this happy event is inevitable as a result of shooting grouse in Scotland. And, anyway, how long will M. Flandin last with his legacy from M. Doumergue, and heavy estate duties to pay?

ROOSEVELT MAINTAINS HIS HOLD.—The dictators of civilization continue to confound their critics and the Jeremiahs. Despite the huge size and the bitter components of his amend-all pill, Roosevelt is still the only authorized specialist to cure the ills of America. The poll was far heavier than was expected, proving the importance attached to the elections by the mass of electors, and in all the circumstances the results are immensely encouraging for the President—who deserves encouragement at this juncture—and I confess a surprise to me. The New Deal is secured fresh life and a longer trial. The horrible outrages which attended the elections were probably inspired far more by local feeling than by the vital issue. Such exhibitions are habitual in elections in the States with its intensely bitter local jealousies, and its polyglot and undisciplined underworld. Mr. Upton Sinclair, standing for Governor of California, was regarded as the key-man of the election, the test-case on the decision of which the New Deal stood or fell, but, although he stood as Democratic candidate for the Governorship of California, his defeat was hailed with relief by all business men and thousands of Democrats and supporters of the New Deal throughout California and the States. His Epic was an Odyssey, and more will be heard of him in his wanderings. In the history of American elections there has been no such Republican rout, and that party is likely to remain in eclipse at least long enough to ensure Mr. Roosevelt's re-election two years hence. Meanwhile he is assured of a two-thirds majority in the New Congress, as in the Senate. He is likely to continue his policy with increased confidence, but with the greater caution recently introduced. His triumph at this critical period in any President's term of office cannot but be a hopeful omen in the event of American intervention in the affairs of Europe and of civilization.

THE DEPRESSED AREAS.—It is the duty of every thinking citizen to read the reports of the four commissioners on the depressed areas—Cumberland, Durham, South Wales, and Scotland. No White Paper ever unfolded stories of more human interest nor revealed the human race in a nobler light. It is a record of patience, restraint, courage, and philosophy in adversity—very heartening to read. For it reveals sympathy and brotherhood also. None should write about the question until he has studied the reports, which indeed are rather a picture of the problem still before us than a solution. Suggestions for solving the problem, of course, are plentiful, and most of them have already been propounded. The subject had an important place in the Premier's Guildhall speech. One essentially human psychological aspect stands in the way of solution by transference of population. It is, indeed, the true essence of all patriotism—I mean the overmastering love of these unfortunates for their native places, their own hills and valleys and villages. Another remarkable



disclosure is the difference in the burden of local rates in these areas. While Durham's relief bill amounts to 7½ millions a year, or twice the whole country's per capita average, and in Merthyr the rate was 27s. 6d. in the pound, in other depressed areas the local rate compares favourably with Southern England. There will be a debate on the reports in the House today, and some of the first moves of the Government may be foreshadowed in the King's Speech.

JEW AND FASCIST.—Lord Melchett the other day set about Sir Oswald Mosley at the Albert Hall. He was addressing a gathering of 5,000 Jewish ex-service men and had Sir Frederick Maurice and Captain Laski among others on his platform; Major Brunel Cohen presiding. The advice he gave to the Jews in Britain in their dealings with Fascism was sound. His attack on Sir Oswald would not in itself merit further publicity. These slashings of Mosley and others are of doubtful value. Your pinch-beck leaders of men and movements may be relied upon to exterminate themselves. If they prove to be men of metal and not of clay, hard words won't hurt them and may render them a degree more vindictive when their time comes. They may usefully be left to time and circumstance.

BRITISH FILMS.—Mr. George Arliss, who is entitled to speak with authority, said last week some encouraging and flattering words about the merits of British film production. America no longer leads the world. There is no reason against—indeed there is every reason for—British endeavour showing the way to fresh progress in film production. Let us congratulate ourselves, but with constant humility. There is still a great deal of room for improvement, especially in the sphere of historical research to ensure accuracy. I do not fail to see the difficulties. If a film is to succeed with the general public, the dull fabric of historical accuracy must often be shrouded with the brightly coloured covering of human interest. Accuracy must be sacrificed to dramatic considerations. The story is more important than the facts in an historic film. It is my contention that the less educated public will swallow a deal more accuracy; that exactitude in historical detail need seldom interfere with the dramatic interest; that the cinema has a definitely educational trusteeship and that the educated few are an audience of film fans well worth cultivating.

HISTORICAL INACCURACIES.—I attack at the strongest point in the line — Mr. Arliss's own admirable historical films — *Disraeli* and *The House of Rothschild*. They have been widely acclaimed and with good reason. But I venture to say that even these films—immense as is the advance they show—contain historical inaccuracies and ignorance of current social fashions and conventions which are as annoying as apparent to historians and social historians; and that accuracy in these often minor details could have been secured without loss of dramatic value. I have great hope that the Wellington film will show a still further advance in this direction. That Britain should lead America in the production of historical film stories is not unnatural. We have over here better opportunities for ensuring accuracy of detail. The dramatic incidents which best lend themselves to reproduction are English history or literature for the most part, and it is unquestionable that the Briton approaches them with more humility, more veneration for the truth or the original, and with a more sincere desire neither to shock the tradition-loving public, nor the public that has a regard for the author of the story under treatment. It should be the endeavour of British film producers to work for still greater and greater accuracy in detail and increasing faithfulness to their originals. The authors of classic tales and sound writers of history may be safely relied on to afford dramatic interest in full measure, and their accuracy in detail is not likely to be improved on.

TRUSTEE SECURITIES.—There are no doubt a dozen considerations, unconnected with the safeguarding of the livelihood of "widows and orphans," which must be taken into account before the authorities sanction a change or enlargement in the scope of securities authorized for the funds of trusts which have no investment clause. Mr. Duff Cooper held out no hope of change, and admittedly the amount of such securities available is enormously increased since the War. It is the quality and the yield on these securities which are so sadly decreased. Consols never stood higher in our time, and the yield on Government loans averages less than 3¼ per cent. It must be remembered that it was the purchase of Consols at 80 and over by an earlier generation which so largely increased the ranks of distressed gentlefolk. To-day many of the most popular counters for trustees—the Railway prior liens—are knocked out by the failure to maintain the distribution on the ordinary; and every trustee will confirm the enormous difficulty he finds in securing a tolerable return for his beneficiaries. Even the reasonable safety promised is hardly won at such a sacrifice of income. Experience of investment over the War and slump period prove at least how the debenture and even preference stocks of the old-established investment trust companies under first-rate management stood the strain, and the same may be said of the debenture stocks of the great brewery companies, which surely now might be accepted as gilt-edged, now that prohibition is a dead letter. It is these two classes of investment which, as a trustee and with experience of investing covering critical times, I should like to see added to the list of trustee investments.

BELISHA'S BEACONS.—It is now absolutely certain that the present chaotic system of safety measures to reduce road deaths will sooner or later destroy itself by the sheer absurdity of its intricacy and confusion. Each latest addition renders ineffective the one before. Mr. Hore-Belisha is intensely impressed with the gravity of his problem and is working ceaselessly to solve it. But the nation is compromising still. The truth is, the community has got to suffer, far more than at present, deprivation of liberty and convenience, to make up for the amenities of motor transport. A day will inevitably come when the idea that a man may cross the street at the nearest point to his objective must be eradicated from his mind. The hideous growth of Belisha beacons all over London has not only turned our City into a fun fair—it has nullified its value as a safety measure by the number of its signs. Because those signs implied two quite different types of procedure alike for motorist and pedestrian, a new section of the road code had to be drafted and promulgated. It is now in force and instantly rendered ineffective the signs themselves. The Belisha beacons should now blush in two colours instead of one in order to differentiate between police-or-signal-controlled crossings and pedestrian-favoured crossings. And every day it grows harder to turn back.

"STILL COMPROMISING."—Faced with these innumerable and ill-comprehended signs and with the present tangled mass of instructions and regulations, a stranger to London is bound to be confused and to go wrong. Still the vested interests hold to their rights in the face of danger and the Government dares not face the truth. One point seems to be entirely lost sight of. It is assumed that pedestrians and motorists are two distinct classes. That is a fallacy. A huge proportion of the pedestrians in cities are themselves motorists. We must all suffer and suffer heavily for our scientific triumphs. In the end we must go *under* or *over* the roads, and some of the millions poured out on compromising, patchwork measures might have been usefully spent in increasing the number of subways and even overhead footbridges. London's beauty and charm are already destroyed and are unlikely to be recovered. In the end, I feel sure we shall scrap the beacons, and pedestrians will have to be disciplined to the idea of restricted liberty and convenience, and be drilled and punished into crossing the main streets at rarer intervals, by subways and overhead bridges, and at those points where the traffic is held up by red light signals. One or two weeks' favourable death statistics of London streets prove nothing. I do not always see eye to eye with the A.A., but I agree with its verdict on the Belisha beacons.

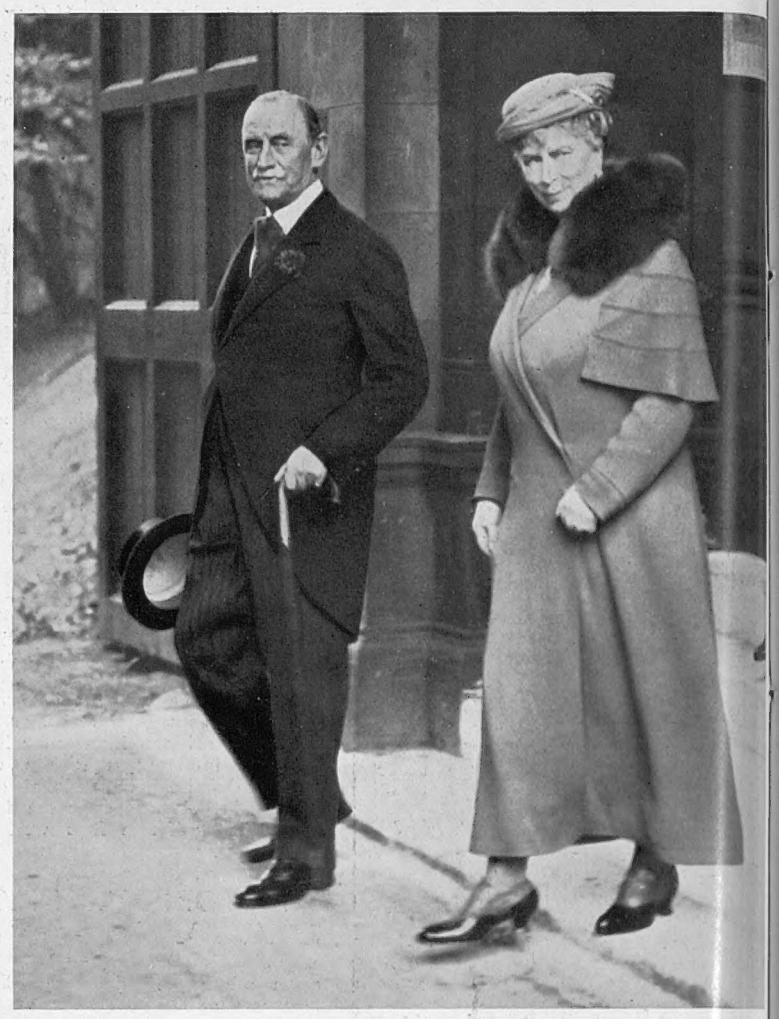
MEN OF ACTION.—It is my peculiarity in choosing books to read, that I always prefer subjects utterly alien to my habits, powers, or opportunities. Hence my absorption in books on arctic exploration, mountaineering, and even hunting. I have spelt through Mr. Ruttledge's *Everest 1933*. The men who made that fearful attempt on the peak of the world and the pioneers who went before them belong to a race with which I regretfully acknowledge I have not one single virtue in common. One nightmare example of what each one of them is prepared to face is enough:—To pass a night from 4 p.m. to 6 a.m. quite alone, at 29,000 ft., in a tearing gale, with a thermometer 30 degrees below zero, in a tiny tent of which one-third is actually jutting over an abyss with a drop of 10,000 ft., with the threat of avalanches from above and no hope of boiling water above the tepid point, unable to breathe except by exertion which inevitably dilates the heart. . . . Well!! Like all exploration literature, the style of Mr. Ruttledge's book is impeccable. Why? Because it is impersonal, direct, simple, and free of all exaggeration. Of another kind is *Rum 'Uns to Follow*, the discourses of Roughrider Heathen on Quornites and Foxhunters of the Shires in the last seventy years. This is a rare form of personality journalism so popular to-day. How they will revel in it at Melton and Harboro'! There is hardly a personality who is not pungently hit off and summed up. And somehow those famous gorses and coverts mean a great deal to every Englishman, even if he hunt from an armchair.

THE OLD STAGER.

THREE KINGS AND THREE QUEENS UNDER ONE ROOF: Among Their Majesties' many distinguished guests at Buckingham Palace on the night before the marriage of Princess Marina and the Duke of Kent will be King Christian and Queen Alexandrine of Denmark (*3rd and 4th from left*) and King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway (*5th and 6th from left*). The last named is the sister of our present King

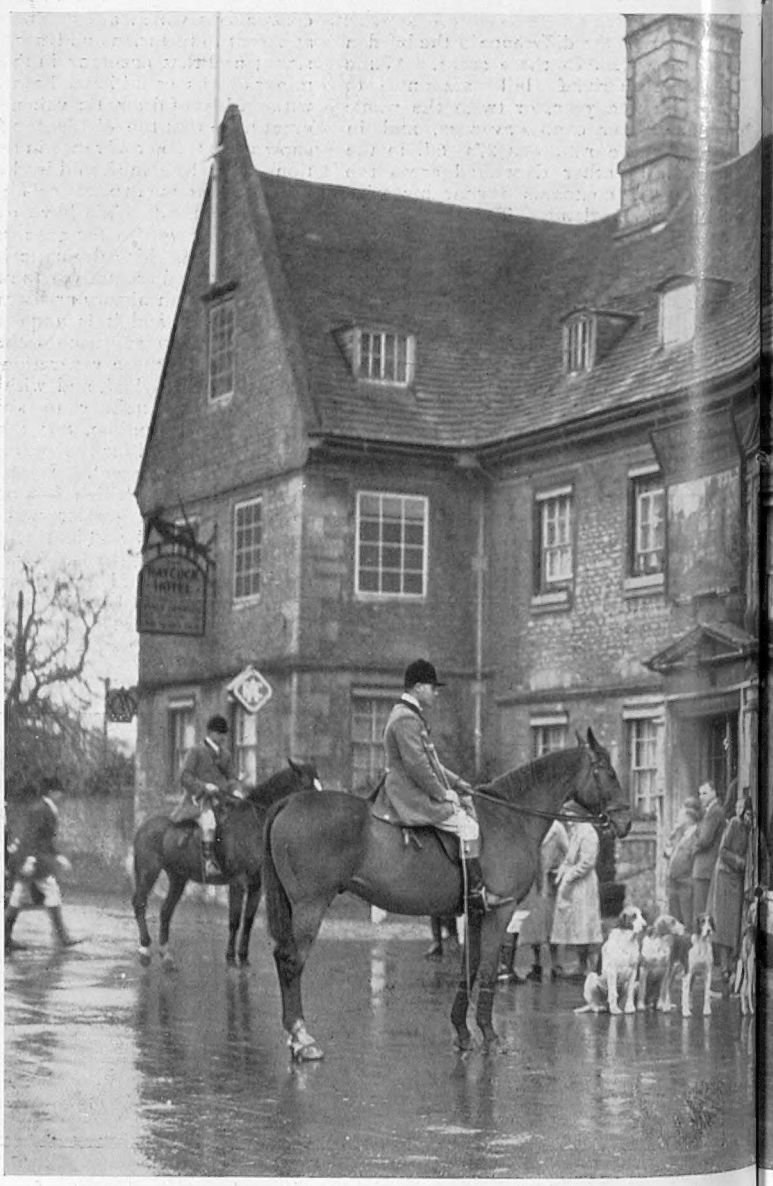
THE ROYAL TOUR OF THE COMMONWEALTH: The Duke of Gloucester making friends with two koalas (Australian tree bears) which were presented to him during his visit to Adelaide a few weeks ago. H.R.H. has since been in Melbourne where he inaugurated the State of Victoria Centenary Celebrations, and this week he left on the *Sussex* for Tasmania

PROCESSIONAL:



AN UNOFFICIAL VISIT: The Queen leaving the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, after inspecting the stalls at the War Disabled Men's Exhibition on the day before the opening. Her Majesty is extremely busy these days, as she is personally superintending the arrangements for the entertainment of the many guests who will be staying at Buckingham Palace for the Royal wedding

S O S??? A vessel on its way up Channel last Saturday sent out an urgent request for a doctor to be sent out. The Walmer lifeboat (seen above) was launched immediately and took a local practitioner out to the steamer which, however, passed on without stopping and, evidently, without sending any message of explanation



A MEET AT THE HAYCOCK

HAPPENINGS AT HOME, IN FRANCE, AND IN THE EMPIRE

A YOUNGER STATESMAN SUCCEEDS A VETERAN: M. Pierre-Etienne Flandin making a statement to members of the Press after he had succeeded in forming a Government to supersede that of M. Doumergue, which was forced out of office by the Socialist-Radicals. The new Premier, who is only forty-five, has the reputation of being a good administrator

PAGEANTRY IN THE RAIN: The Lord Mayor's Show was marred this year by an almost incessant downpour and, as this picture shows, umbrellas were much to the fore among the spectators lining the processional route. Sir Stephen Killik, who succeeds Sir Charles Collett as Lord Mayor, has been in business in the City for over sixty years

The Fitzwilliam pack outside the famous 400-year-old hostelry at Wansford-in-England, near Peterborough, where it met on Monday last

JAMAICA'S NEW GOVERNOR: Sir Edward Brandis Denham, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., taking the salute on the steps of Headquarter House, Kingston, following his arrival on the island on October 24. He was given a great reception by the inhabitants. Sir Edward has also served in British Guiana, Kenya, Mauritius, and Gambia

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ROYAL WEDDING

Gifts for the Princess and the Duke from all Parts of the World

THE vicinity of Westminster Abbey on the morning of the marriage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent to Her Royal Highness the Princess Marina of Greece will present a glowing spectacle to the Foreign Royalties visiting London to take part in the Royal wedding. Banners fully 18 ft. long, representing every corner of the Empire, will brighten the windows of Whitehall, and Greek and Danish flags will honour the nationality of the Royal bride. Packed stands will change the green sward of Parliament Square into a throbbing body of excited people. Stands too will cover the steps of Westminster Hospital and St. George's Hospital. Blue has been chosen as the predominant colour of the stands by His Majesty's Office of Works to pay a delicate compliment to the Royal sailor-bridegroom. Record crowds are anticipated from all parts of the Empire.

The intense popularity of the bridal pair is shown by the varied and splendid array of gifts pouring in from all quarters of the globe to St. James's Palace, where Her Majesty the Queen will hold a tea-party two days prior to the Royal wedding to display the presents. Various public bodies have created a practical precedent in Royal gifts: her countrywomen of Greece, as befits Penelope's compatriots, are presenting Princess Marina with a piece of beautiful needlework; the Royal School of Needlework have chosen a cream velvet bedspread with the Royal cypher in Italian quilting and lined with flesh crêpe de chine. From the same place blankets covered in flesh and blue satin and lined with matching crêpe de chine have been chosen for the ducal household.

Innumerable friends in international society have shown their affection for the Royal couple in a multitude of material ways: the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, herself just engaged, has given Princess Marina a crocodile handbag, with the Royal monogram in gold, chosen at Finnigans in Bond Street, whence came a pigskin travelling bag as well, stamped with the Royal initials in black, and a raw-hide case. Two exquisite boxes were made by Oscar Callow, one in dark green jade mounted with an antique lion in Persian lapis brought from Albania, and one of light green jade inlaid with flowers of semi-precious stones.

To enhance the truly Royal beauty of the Princess, two beautiful fans have been purchased from the Royal fan-maker, Duvellorey, one of beige ostrich feathers with a carved pearl mounted with gold, given by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor, and one of real Honiton lace mounted in mother-of-pearl.

Six unique Queen Anne walnut chairs presented by the twelve senior livery companies of the City of London will enrich the Ducal residence at 3, Belgrave Square, which formerly belonged to Lady Juliet Duff. The walls of the drawing-rooms have been painted to represent pink marble. The members of the Royal Family are subscribing to a fund, in addition to their individual gifts, to acquire some useful object which Her Royal Highness Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, will choose. Pleasing to the Duke's love of antiques is the presentation of some beautiful furniture from Edwards and Sons, including a Queen Anne and a William and Mary table, a set of Waterford glass decanters and a Cork glass *comportier*.

A gift to gladden the housewifely heart of the future Duchess is a wonderful Venetian lace tablecloth, four yards long, in Irish linen, from Beatrice Lever, and handsome antique silver from How of Edinburgh. For the Duke of Kent's room an ornamental lamp was chosen, a green carved stone urn lit within, and a lamp-shade in white vellum with hand-painted portraits of English admirals from 1690 to 1777—another delicate compliment to the Sailor Duke.

Following the Abbey service, and prior to the wedding reception, will be the celebration of the Greek Orthodox marriage service in the Chapel Royal at Buckingham Palace. This will be private; only guests invited to the Royal Reception being permitted to enter. Germanos, Archbishop of Thyatira, Metropolitan of the Greek Church, and guardian of the souls of Princess Marina's co-religionists in this country, will take the service in Greek, exactly as it was celebrated a thousand years ago with all the pomp and splendour of the Bridal crowns and candles borne by the paranymphs or bridesmaids; the procession preceded by the priests swinging censers of sweet-smelling spices and chanting a psalm.

Archbishop Germanos, attended by two priests and two deacons, will be attired in the traditional vestments, black-veiled with cope and staff-twined snakes of Aaron on a short rod taking the place of the Anglican bishop's shepherd's crook. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York will only be in attendance at this service, as Archbishop Germanos will be at Westminster Abbey.

After this ceremony, which will take about half an hour, the company will proceed to the Wedding Breakfast, prepared by the Royal kitchens with the Royal chef in charge, and superintended by the first housewife in the land. Each dish will be named after one or other of the Royal lovers.

D. Paterson.

A PRIVILEGED VIEW: One of the covered-in stands being erected in Parliament Square which will provide fortunate ticket-holders with an excellent sight of the Royal wedding procession. Note how the steelwork has had to be built round the statue of Disraeli

FOR HIS NEW HOME: A section of the rush mat, made by the St. Faith Rush Industry, Norfolk, which is to be presented to the Duke of Kent

FAMILY REUNION IN PARIS: Prince Nicolas and his three daughters seen outside the Hôtel Vendome. On the left is Princess Elizabeth, in the centre is Princess Marina, and on the right is Princess Paul of Yugoslavia

The Queen Supervises the Arrangements at Buckingham Palace

OUTSIDE Buckingham Palace there are no signs of unusual activity these dull November days. Stolid policemen stand by the black-and-gold gates, sentries pace to and fro, the Royal Standard floats serenely above, and the guard is changed every morning with the usual clockwork regularity.

But inside, behind the tantalizing façade of white stone, there is a hustle and bustle of preparation that grows daily as the date of the Royal wedding draws near. High officials of the household hold continuous conferences; black-coated secretaries hurry along the crimson-carpeted corridors; the telephones on the private exchange in the Court Post Office are never quiet. Lord Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain, who is in charge of the whole of the wedding arrangements, spends his time between the Palace and his offices across the Mall at St. James's.

Sir Derek Keppel, tall, white moustached, with the upright figure of a guardsman, and a manner that no crisis can upset, is doubly busy, as Master of the King's Household, with arrangements for the reception of foreign guests, and catering arrangements for the wedding luncheon, the State dinner parties, and other festivities; and everyone in the Palace, from the senior officials to the newest joined footman and kitchen boy, has a special task to perform in preparation for the gaieties of November 29, when the Duke of Kent, youngest son of the King and Queen, leads his bride to the altar.

Not since pre-War days has such an assembly of foreign royalty been invited to London. State suites and rooms at the Palace that have not been in use for years, have had to be prepared, and the Queen herself, always a perfect chatelaine, has supervised everything in person. Those who have been privileged to be guests of the King and Queen at Windsor Castle or Sandringham know how deep and real is Her Majesty's sense of hospitality, and her anxiety to see personally to the comfort of her guests.

Naturally, she is more than ever concerned to see that those who come to London to see her son married shall find everything run smoothly, and no detail has been allowed to escape her notice. Frequent consultations with Sir Derek Keppel, interviews with the Palace housekeeper, the King's chef, linen-room maids, and other important members of the household "below stairs", have occupied the Queen's little free time to the full. Bed linen, flowers, table decorations, and menus are just a few of the scores of minor details which have been her special concern.

For the first time since 1914, Buckingham Palace is to shelter three Kings and Queens—King George and Queen Mary, the King and Queen of Denmark, and the King and Queen of Norway—in addition to Princess Marina's parents, Prince and Princess Nicolas of Greece, and a host of minor royalties, so that plans and preparations are on the grand scale. Each of the foreign royal couples must, by tradition, occupy a separate suite of rooms, with a blue-coated Page of the Presence and two footmen in scarlet and gold to wait on them.

The room set aside by the Queen for her future daughter-in-law is a pleasant lofty apartment on the principal corridor, which runs along the front of the Palace on the first floor. It is decorated in quiet taste, and its long windows overlook the Mall and the trees of St. James's Park, with the towers and domes of Whitehall as background.

Three big parties have been arranged at Buckingham Palace, besides an afternoon party at St. James's, when the wedding presents will be on view. Besides the wedding breakfast, the King and Queen are giving two dinner parties, one to seventy-six guests on the night of November 26, when the foreign royalties are due to arrive, and the other on the next night, as a preliminary to a State reception to 800 men and women, at which Princess Marina will make her official debut in London society.

For both these parties the Queen has chosen the menus herself from suggestions put forward by the King's chef, as she has done for the wedding breakfast itself. This last will be a simple meal, with no more than four courses, but the Royal chef has created special dishes in honour of the day, each named after the bride or bridegroom. One hundred and twenty guests have been invited, and to enable them to sit in comfort the breakfast will be served in two rooms—the Ball Supper Room and the State Dining Room.

Princess Marina and her parents are due to arrive in England on Wednesday, November 21, but before they set foot on English soil every item of the great State pageant, from order of procession at Westminster Abbey to the position of the gold salt cellars on the wedding breakfast tables, will have been finally settled. This is not to say that Prince and Princess Nicolas have not been consulted. Their wishes have been ascertained continually from Paris and, in the last few days, the final programme, drawn up in detail, has been submitted both to them and to the King for approval.

L. Wulff

EVENTS ABROAD

A Memorial Service in Paris for the Late King Alexander of Yugoslavia—A Naval Occasion at Wilhelmshaven

A LAST TRIBUTE: The catafalque, watched over by Gardes Républicains with drawn swords, which was erected near the grave of the Unknown Soldier beneath the Arc de Triomphe in Paris and where, on the eve of Armistice Day, a memorial service was held in honour of the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia. Hanging in the background, and filling the vast archway, is the Royal Yugoslav Standard, while at the top of the steps is a reproduction of the murdered Monarch's death mask, made by the Royalist sculptor, M. Real del Sarte. The ceremony, which took place at 7.30 in the evening, was attended by M. Lebrun and Members of the Government

GERMANY'S MINIATURE MIGHT: Vice-Admiral Schultze addressing the crew before the cruiser *Emden* left Wilhelmshaven last week on an eight-months' tour to South Africa and India. Immense crowds gathered on the quayside to watch the vessel weigh anchor

ARMY MANŒUVRES NEAR SINGAPORE: *Left*—Members of the local volunteer force erecting a bridge for armoured cars and lorries during a recent field day held a few miles outside the city in the presence of Major-General Ernest Lewin, C.B., the G.O.C. in Malaya. *Right*—The crew of an armoured car waiting for orders

A TYPICAL SOUTH LONDON TRAFFIC CENTRE: In this picture, taken from a slightly elevated position, the operations of motorists and pedestrians are clearly recorded. One of the chief points observable here is how certain pedestrians straggle across from point to point, apparently quite oblivious of the Belisha crossings devised for their special use. At the same time there is evidently a tendency for other pedestrians to group themselves into convoys, as it were, and pass over the highway in a bunch

HOW THE BELISHA CROSSINGS ARE WORKING

An Eye-Witness Account

"There must be crossing-places where pedestrians can have the right to cross the road without endangering their lives, and these crossing-places must have distinguishing marks, so that not only pedestrians but vehicular traffic may know where they are. After months of experiment, the Ministry's engineers and technical experts evolved a system of white lines painted on the the highway, with illuminated signs. These were approved for trial in certain roads which had particularly bad records. . . . No improvement on the existing system, or even a suggestion of an improvement, had been brought before the Minister."

OFFICIAL STATEMENT BY MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT

IN THE CHISWICK HIGH ROAD: A group of six pedestrians are essaying to cross this dangerous thoroughfare. The Hounslow bus has slowed down and is signalling to following traffic

A CAR AND PEDESTRIANS ON A BELISHA CROSSING: Another picture taken in the Chiswick High Road. The car is just passing over the studs and two foot passengers are actually walking between them. The man on the left is looking down towards the point-duty constable who has held up the traffic at the next crossing. A reasonably safe moment for crossing has been selected when the single car has passed

FOOT PASSENGERS IN MASS FORMATION: People show a marked tendency to wait until a little group has assembled and then venture out together on to the Belisha crossing. In this case three lines of traffic are pausing while they pass in the correct official manner

WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY: Pedestrians have been observed to remain a considerable time on the edge of the pavement before they feel it safe to make a movement, the density of the oncoming traffic being such that it brooks no interruption. The highway is quite straight here and the crossings at right angles to it

"A TOLL CALL": A toll house at the junction of the Salisbury and Amesbury roads, Andover, partially wrecked by a lorry which was attempting to avoid a cyclist

THE question of the "Belisha" crossing has become one of those burning questions upon which every one has an opinion. Vast numbers of motorists appear to dislike them, even to the extent of smashing them with missiles, and the hazardous game of robbing the black and white poles of their yellow balls has been played in various districts in and around London. Pedestrians appear to be casual in their attitude towards them, their real feelings being a little hard to determine.

The only thing to do at this juncture seemed to be to study carefully the actual working of certain Belisha crossings, selecting for this purpose a set of three in that dangerous highway, the Chiswick High Road. The time was Sunday afternoon, the surface of the roadway dark and greasy, a mist shrouding the distance in both directions, so that cars just materialized through the distant haze. The first crossing encountered was at the junction of Turnham Green Terrace with the High Road.

There a constable was on point duty and groups of pedestrians, noticeably children, were passing safely across under the shelter of his upraised arm. Passing westward, another Belisha crossing was reached—this proved to be the very one on which the tragic deaths of a mother and two children had taken place three days before. There it stood, a yellow beacon and the two lines of steel studs stretching across tramlines to the south side of the highway. There was no outward sign on this grey and murky afternoon that anything exceptional had taken place here. A busy flow of traffic was proceeding in both directions, cars, buses, and coaches passed over the crossings at customary speed.

Only a few slower-moving cars showed evidence of increasing care as they neared this crossing. One or two big, powerful cars swung out on to the southern half of the roadway, passing Citywards as if no beacon crossings existed. A few pedestrians carefully awaited their opportunity and then stepped fairly quickly across.

And then there occurred an incident which made it difficult to maintain an attitude of detached observation. A father carrying his little girl at his shoulder, started to cross the Belisha from the south side. He arrived at the south side tramlines; some traffic was approaching the part of the crossing which he had already traversed. On the north side a commercial-looking vehicle had passed at a quick pace across the north section of the Belisha, when from the Kew direction there suddenly appeared a long low-built car which horned its way towards the Belisha and dashed across in front of the man with the child. The fast car disappeared into the mirk.

At a third Belisha crossing, pedestrians, either solitary or in pairs, waited their chance. Car after car, lorry after lorry, coach after coach swung westwards and still the pedestrians waited. They did not force their way on to the crossings. They just stood and waited until *both* streams of traffic left a gap sufficiently long to give them an assurance of safety. Difficulty lay in the choice of moment to start and in the motorists' lack of knowledge as to when a pedestrian would determine to cross.

There were the usual number of casual people who crossed where they liked but a large number of others waited and showed no sign of wishing to cause trouble by interruption of traffic.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURE

From the South Tropics

OUT OF ITS ELEMENT: A piece of coral discovered at a height of 17,000 ft. in the Northern Andes. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that the mountains are composed of stratified rocks largely made up of materials originally deposited at the sea-bottom and which were later raised by volcanic and other forms of tectonic action

WHEN THE SUN IS AT ITS ZENITH: A remarkable picture taken at noon in Tahiti when the shadows fall vertically and trace the outlines of the palms on the white sand.

GIANT FRUITS

They are the product of the Brazilian jaca tree and their thousands of seeds, each the size of a chestnut, are said to be highly appetizing when roasted

MERIDIAN ANT HILLS

These are found in the Northern Territory of Australia and are so named because their thin ends invariably point north and south. The hills range from black to red according to the colour of the soil in which they stand

WELL PLEASED WITH THEIR CHARGES

The shepherd and his father, who is eighty-three but still lends a hand on the farm, gaze in admiration on the flock

ACTIVITY IN THE WOODS

Loading beech logs on Gallowtree Common, near Reading, for despatch to a London cabinet-maker

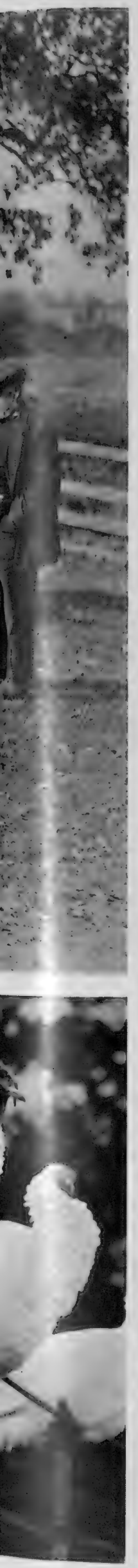
LOOKING AHEAD, BUT OBLIVIOUS OF THEI of the 200 white turkeys which Colonel Spende is rearing for the Christma

WHEN AUTUMN TURNS to WINTER

November in Rural England

THE OLD RETAINER

This man has worked on Moins Farm, Great Bentley, Essex, for sixty years. Although seventy-five he makes light of a day's work



FATE: Specimens Clay, of Lingfield, market

The countryside adorned by the hand of Nature. An early-morning scene of great beauty

JACK FROST'S ARTISTRY

THE QUEEN

THE KING

OPHELIA

HAMLET

Four of the costumes designed by the firm of Motley for this week's production of *Hamlet* at the New Theatre, for which the number of advance bookings augurs well for a successful run. John Gielgud is the producer, and the part of Ophelia is being taken by Jessica Tandy—the talented young actress who sprang into prominence in *Children in Uniform*

DRAMA

Good Entertainment at the Criterion — A Failure at the Duke of York's

MADAME ELSPETH, the "wise woman" of Miss Lesley Storm's play, *The Wise Woman*, which affords good entertainment at the Criterion Theatre, was not very wordly wise after all. She could, it appears, tell fortunes and hoodwink rich and fashionable people into imagining that she was helping them out of their difficulties —we are not shown how far she was sincerely accomplished in this and how far a charlatan, and that is one of the play's weaknesses—but she made a sorry mess of it when she essayed to manage her husband and her children.

She was, as Napoleon said of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, "the only man in her family." She worked for them, suffered indignities for them (and made them suffer indignities), schemed for them and, incidentally, kept them—and let them know it. But they were a sorry lot. Her husband's only regular habit was to visit the nearest public-house and drink himself silly on the money his wife allowed him, supplemented by that which he could cadge from his friends. Her son was a flashy, trashy youth who drove high-powered cars in the lowest possible taste along Piccadilly with much noise, until he had to be bailed out from Vine Street Police Station on a charge of being drunk while at the wheel of one of them. Her daughter was an emotional little nit-wit (the character was not improved by being sadly underplayed) who fell in love with a professional philanderer and a married one at that.

Her home was a mess, tyrannized over by a middle-aged Scottish servant to whom long service had given licence in the use of a sharp tongue. This is now just as much an accepted stage figure as the bluff Irishman of some years ago. I believe there are in existence such Scottish "bodies" with a Doric one could cut with a knife. I find them on the stage infinitely boring, largely because we have such a glut of them and their humorous retorts for which the right adjective is, I understand, "pawky." This one seemed a near relation of the Scottish servant in Mr. Priestley's *Eden End*, and has, unfortunately, more to say or do. The part is very well played; but I feel impelled to call for a long close season for the whole tribe of Scottish servants, whom I dislike on the stage as heartily as the late Alan Parsons disliked animals.

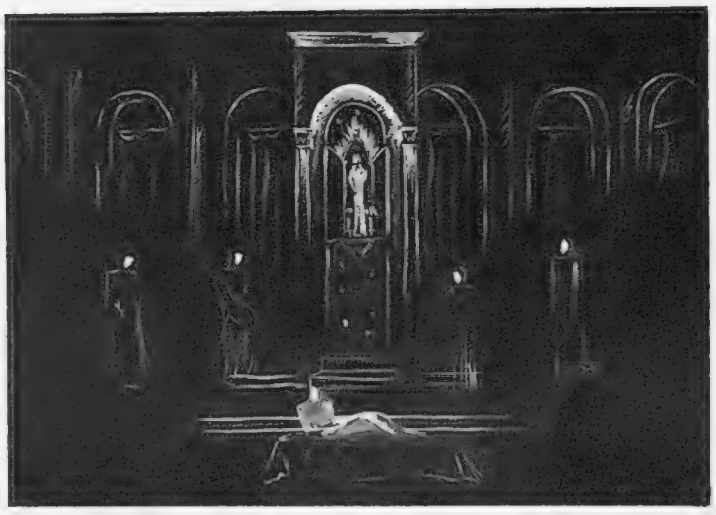
Miss Storm writes first-rate dialogue and some scenes have plenty of grip about them, notably that in which the libertine consults Madame Elspeth, the fortune-teller, without knowing that she is the mother of the innocent young girl with whom he is about to elope. Madame Elspeth, with incredible stupidity, in the next scene allows her daughter to realize that it is she who has put the young man off his escapade, with the immediate result that the girl flies to him, and the pair fly to live together in sin and in sunny Italy.

Since Madame is supposed to have based most of her success on her knowledge of human nature, such a step weakened the play and was false from every point of view. Miss Storm also is apt to be tempted by irrelevance. Her son's trouble at the police court may have served to show the unfortunate domestic handicaps with which Madame had to contend, poor soul. But it was introduced at the wrong moment and marred the anticipatory dramatic value of his sister's elopement. A tiny scene about a butler and his dying wife was well written and beautifully done; but this, too, held up the action and was too poignant in a play which I cannot help thinking was meant on the whole to be an amusing one. It has plenty of amusement in it, because Miss Storm is fully equipped with humour and can write at times brilliantly. But she does not always appreciate the danger of the incongruous and is inclined, as it were, to change the bowling too frequently. It is for this reason that Madame Elspeth, who, for good or ill, should have at least been easy to understand, rarely gets our sympathy, since we find it difficult to know what she is driving at; her tricks of incantation at the end, which might have provided a strong dramatic situation, provided nothing of the sort, and the curtain was brought down a few moments later on a flippant remark about fees which hardly served even to raise a laugh.

However, Miss Storm has tackled the topic of the society clairvoyante with many original touches. As a playwright she seems only to need "editing"; there is so much that is good in her play, and it should be easy to eliminate that which harms it.

Miss Mary Clare's performance was clever, though Mrs. Patrick Campbell (for this is another Matriarch) would have perhaps been more terrifying as Elspeth. But the flashiness of the woman, her loyalty to her brood, and her essential commonness were subtly suggested.

Mr. Hugh E. Wright, as a mild rather than a bitter father, was delightful without degenerating into farce. The pathetic pompousness of the decayed gentleman who has not been sober for years, was shown alongside the perfect stage drunkenness which is by no means so easy as it seems. Miss Storm has drawn the character with the true Dickens touch. As for Mr. Wright, I can think of no praise higher than that the late Edward Terry could not have played the part better.



ENHANCED BY DARKNESS: One of the settings for *Hamlet* at the New. When the lights are dimmed the scenery and dresses of the players, which are painted with phosphorus, stand out with startling effect

I believe Pinero's *Sweet Lavender* would revive again, and I would like to see Mr. Wright's Dick Phenyl. At one moment in *The Wise Woman*, when Mr. Wright was supposed to be rather less drunk than usual, I seemed to hear Dick saying, "Clemmy, my boy, no man is so sober as the individual who is occasionally otherwise. All his intelligence is concentrated on his brief lucid intervals, and then it becomes positively devilish!"

"It Happened to Adam."—No one could pretend that the latest production at the Duke of York's Theatre, a biological farce entitled *It Happened to Adam*, is a particularly exalted form of entertainment. It is not good clean fun, but I would claim for most of it the description good dirty fun; and to argue that the morals of any member of the audience are going to be perverted by the dirtiness of it is nonsense, and hypocritical nonsense at that.

If any number of wrongs do not make a right, all the wrongs in this silly but rather funny little piece do not amount to the suggestiveness in the type of novel that is poured out nowadays by the thousand and read by the million without most of 'em batting an eyelid or being a penny the worse for it.

In properly organized society sex should not, I suppose, be a subject for humour. Since our society is not, thank goodness, properly organized, certain aspects of sex happen to be rather funny, if treated in a proper (or improper) way. This is no plea for impropriety but merely for common sense, and for looking facts in the face, and for not breaking naughty little butterflies on wheels or cracking naughty little nuts with steam hammers.

The chief charge is, I gather, one of innuendo. Well, the world would be a duller place than it is without it. And what would poor Mr. Douglas Byng do then, poor thing, except tuck his head under his wyng? Anyway the play has been withdrawn.

"Youth at the Helm."—Finance is supposed to be a cleaner subject than sex though in point of fact it can be pretty dirty. As a basis of farce it is largely a French prerogative nowadays, as those first-rate French films, *Le Million* and *Ces Messieurs de la Santé*, bear witness. Paul Vulpius, however, is not French and he has founded an hilarious play on a bank impostor, which Mr. Hubert Griffith has adapted and given the title *Youth at the Helm*.

That such an episode could not happen in a British bank (or in any other bank, for that matter) does not make it the less effective as a farcical comedy. Mr. Jack Melford as a smart youth without a penny in his pocket who strolls into a bank and hoodwinks clerks, managers, and even directors, with some cock-and-bull story which gives him a position of supreme authority, is cheery and plausible—a good farcical performance. After *King Lear* the Westminster Theatre could do with a piece of neat foolery such as this, and Mr. Griffith has made a brilliant job of it.

There is no reason why this should not become one of the year's-run farces. And the young lady of fifteen will not blush at it, though finance may bore her.

Philip Page

A FOREIGN SURVEY

News from Two Continents

"WE TRUST AMBASSADOR SAITO TO MAKE THE WORLD BRIGHTER": This somewhat naïve banner was displayed behind the platform when Japan's new Minister to the United States delivered a farewell address to members of the International Japan Association in Tokyo

AT THE JAPANESE FOREIGN OFFICE: Mr. Mamoru Shigemitsu, right (Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs) shaking hands with Lord Barnby, leader of the British Trade Mission which recently visited Tokyo. Lord Barnby is a director of Lloyds Bank and an expert on wool

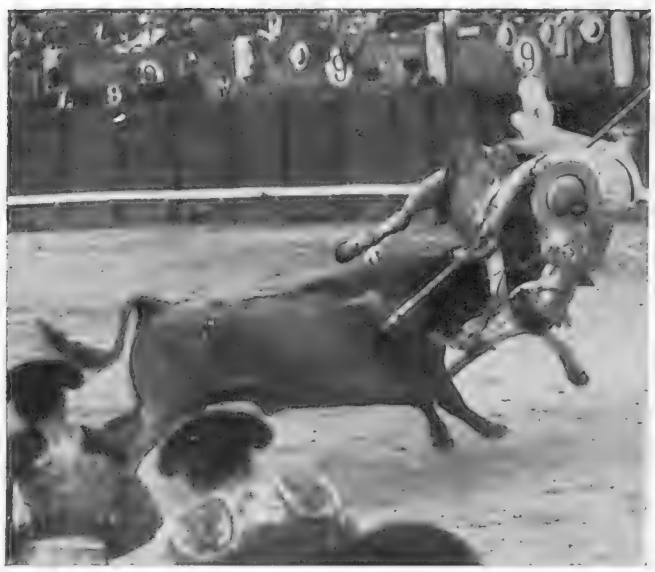
CHARGED WITH SABOTAGE AND MURDER: Sylvester Matuschka standing before the judge in the Supreme Court at Budapest, where he was arraigned for wrecking an Ostend-Bucharest express and causing the deaths of twenty-four people. He preserved throughout the trial an insolent and carefree demeanour

THE POISE OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION: Herr Schwarzmann, the German gymnastic champion, giving an exhibition of his skill at an athletic meeting in Dortmund

INNOCENT VICTIMS OF A POLITICAL STORM: Eva and Rudi, children of the late Dr. Dollfuss, Austria's murdered Chancellor, seen at Merano, Italy, where they are at present staying with their mother

A NOTABLE ROYAL GROUP: Ex-Crown Princess Cecilie (wife of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany), Queen Alexandrine of Denmark, Princesses Alexandrine and Cecilie (daughters of the ex-Crown Prince), and Crown Prince Friedrich of Denmark seen at Cecilienhof Castle, near Berlin, after the Confirmation of the two young Princesses by the Court Chaplain

SPAIN'S NATIONAL



INHUMAN CRUELTY: This magnificent thoroughbred bull takes on all comers and sends the picador and his dilapidated Rosinante flying. Mr. and Mrs. John Paget, the English bull-fighters, by employing Portuguese methods completely eliminate this cruelty to horses

THE MATADOR WITH THE CLOAK: A study of Gitanilla de Triana, who was killed in the ring in 1930, which illustrates the "rooted immobility" of his style—a characteristic that made him his fortune and cost him his life

ARMILLITA CHICO dexterously darts) in the point

"AVE CÆSAR . . ." Cagancho, the gipsy bull-fighter, dedicates the death of the bull to a fair spectator

ONE of the most curious developments of the past two years in England has been the extraordinary increase in the number of aficionados (Spanish for enthusiasts of bull-fighting) among the Upper Ten Thousand. Wherever I go I keep on meeting people who talk about bull-fights and bull-fighters. Literally I know quite a number of peers, leading actresses, bankers, millionaires, as well as hundreds of undistinguished people, who can pronounce all the queer Spanish names of the various types of people who take part in a bull-fight (and I do not mean just matadors and picadors); who can tell you about veronicas and muletazos; and who also claim to be personal friends with the various leading bull-fighters Ernest Hemingway with his "Death in the Afternoon"—a brilliant though long-winded and to some people sadistic book, started the craze.

I am not so silly or inexperienced in fan mail to go into the question of the cruelty to animals, both bulls and horses, which is said to be involved by bull-fighting. Personally I have never been to a bull-fight and do not propose to do so, because I have a kind of feeling that if I went I would want to start some kind of a fight on my own. I have, however, been in touch with John Paget and his wife who, as you may recall from the newspapers, have been in the bull ring as professionals on various occasions this summer in Spain. It is from them that I acquired these facts and figures about bull-fighting.

In 1928 there were 312 bull-fights and 704 novillaras. The latter is a kind of junior bull-fighting event which bears the same relation to a bull-fight as a touring revue at a one night's stand does to *Streamline* at the Hippodrome. In 1929 there were 300 bull-fights and nearly 1,000 novillaras. In 1932, the year of the Revolution, bull-fighting reached its depth with only 219 bull-fights. This year the figure will be back to over 300.

As may be expected, Madrid is the Mecca of all bull-fighters, and more of them are killed there because more are trying to capture a public following. For when it comes down to essentials, the difference between a good matador and a second-rater is all a question of lack of movement. The longer you hold your ground awaiting the onslaught of the bull, and the less you move when doing a veronica or a muletazo, the more you are paid. There are all kinds of veronicas. I shall not go into this, except to say that this movement with the cape to divert the bull gets its name from the famous painting of St. Veronica holding up the towel to our Lord.

People may talk about the finer points of bull-fighting. The fact remains that the bull-fighter who has the greatest guts and allows for a smaller margin of error in avoiding with apparent nonchalance the horns of the bull, is the fellow who gets the money.

AFTER Madrid come Barcelona, Valencia, Seville, and Bilbao. In the next flight are Pamplona, Saragossa, and San Sebastian, where, though the audiences are good and consequently the pay for the matador is good, the public is extremely uncritical, and in consequence the matadors do not have to try at all to get applause.

The season of fighting is from March to the end of October. Then, during July, August, and September there is a bull-fight somewhere every day. For in addition to the main centres I have mentioned there is scarcely a hamlet in Spain which does not possess its own bull-ring.

In addition to Spain the figures for 1933 show that there were seventy bull-fights in Portugal and France (Bayonne being one of the most popular centres). In addition, Mexico, Peru, Venezuela, and Colombia count for another hundred and fifty. In Mexico they pay better money even than in Spain for a good bull-fighter. Belmonte, for example, will get as much as 50,000 pesetas for an afternoon's work. This in English money is something over £1,400. The other leading bull-fighters, if they go over there get as much as £800 or £1,000. They are headed by Belmonte, Ortega, Barrera, La Serna (who was a medical student before he found this easier way of making money), Armillita, Lalando, Gallo, Nino de la Palma, Villalta, the Bienvenida Brothers, Colomo, and perhaps Cagancho, a green-eyed gipsy who, in fact, is the only matador I have spent an evening with myself.

Let us begin with Belmonte. With the exception of Gallito, an old-timer, he is said to be the best bull-fighter there has ever been. The extraordinary thing about him is that he is barely 5 ft. 2 in.: he has one hip higher than the other, and has retired three times. Yet each time when he has come out of retirement he has been better than ever. Actually he is one of the few bull-fighters who has saved his money. Unfortunately for him he put it in land, and this has depreciated, which accounts for his coming out of retirement again this season. His object in so doing was to make 1,000,000 pesetas between June (for he

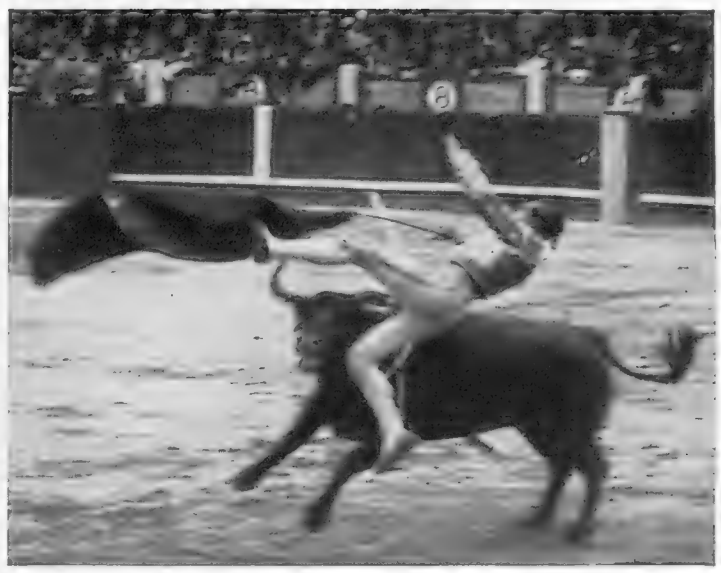
HEEDLESS OF THE CONSEQUENCES: Belmonte, the highest paid bull-fighter Spain has ever known, dominates his opponent by the very force of his amazing personality

THE KILL: Villalta plunges his ball-hilted sword up to the hilt in his adversary's shoulder, at the same time, and in the approved style, drawing the bull's horn-thrust away from his body with the left hand

ONCE BELMONTE'S RIVAL: Jose Gomez Gallito who convinced the Spaniards that no bull could catch him. When he was killed at Talavera in 1921 many refused to believe it

SPORT: By Charles Graves

places a pair of banderillas (barbed of the bull's shoulder



A DRAMA IN TWO SCENES: *Left*—The matador, his muleta supported on his sword, executes to perfection the "Pass of Death." *Right*—As he endeavours to repeat this pass the bull whips round on its hocks and its horn transfixes his thigh

appeared very late in the season) and October. I understand that he has made double that amount, which in English money is about £54,000. The reason why he is so particularly good is because during his retirement he had every opportunity of practising on the cattle from his own bull-breeding establishment, and was thus able to try out his skill in a way that no other matador could afford. He is forty-three years old.

Until his triumphant come-back, Ortega was the head man. In 1933, although the number of bull-fights were much fewer than they were before the Revolution, he fought sixty-nine times, which was six times more than Barrera, and sixteen times more than La Serna, who in turn had eighteen more engagements than Lalanda. Ortega has been paid as much as 25,000 pesetas for an afternoon's work, but on an average receives 15,000 pesetas.

Of the old stagers the richest are the now retired Guerita and Algaberno senior. Of the others, Barrera and Lalando would be easily rich enough to support a house in Park Lane and a big place in the country. On the other hand, Gallio, the brother of the greatest bull-fighter that ever lived, never seems to have a peseta, although he receives 10,000 each time he appears, and then goes on, when the season is over in Spain, to Mexico for double that amount. He has become the George Robey of bull-fighting. I do not mean financially, of course, because George is, I am sure, very well off, but the stories of how the promoters have to pay his fare to Mexico to fight, and then pay his fare back again to Spain, have made him rather a comic turn.

The expenses of the bull-fighter are fairly considerable. Far and away the largest—and this sounds funny to English people—are the bribes and tips he has to give to Spanish sporting writers to say kind words about him as a bull-fighter. There are in addition several little bull-fighting fan-periodicals to which he must contribute heavily. On top of this he has to have a big seven-seater car, a sword-handler who receives £2 each time the bull-fighter works; he has his elaborate costumes which cost anything from £35 to £50 (he usually possesses three of these); his sword which will probably last as long as he does and costs £20; his cloaks which cost £5 each, but can only be used two or three times: his muletas—those red serge cresent-shaped bits of material which are so much part of his outfit and cost £2 apiece. Picadors receive varying payments. The head picador is paid £35 an afternoon. The other three receive £10, £7, and £6.

RESULT OF RECKLESS DARING: Belmonte tossed at Pamplona. Even his outstanding ability, experience, and technique are not always sufficient to protect him from the desperate risks he takes

The number of hangers-on apart from the journalists is very considerable. There is no finesse about it at all. They have to receive largesse more or less publicly.

Belmonte always gets a guarantee of £600, on top of which he receives a high percentage of the gate. At a big bull-fight the prices of the seats are 45 pesetas at the ringside, grading down to 10 pesetas in the sun and 20 pesetas in the shade. So great is the popularity of bull-fighting, however, that despite the interest in football (which is almost as dangerous), a gate of 130,000 pesetas at first-class bull-fights, which is nearly £4,000, is considered very disappointing. Even at small bull-fights where the top price is 3 pesetas, £600 is a very normal gate.

The promoters' expenses are also heavy, particularly over the matter of the bulls. Half a dozen first-class bulls will cost anything from 15,000 to 17,000 pesetas—a matter of something between £400 and £500.

All told, there are 119 established breeds of fighting bulls and fifty-six others. The most famous are the Conde de la Corte. Next come the Muras which have a public of their own. They are the most cunning bulls, and people who go to see them fight do so more from morbid curiosity than from a genuine interest in the finer points of bull-fighting. Third on the list are the Santa Colomos, which have been bred for centuries by the lineal descendants of Christopher Columbus, though very recently they have changed hands. Fourth on the list are the Verguas which are the worse for picadors because for some inexplicable reason they go for the horses more than any other type. The horses, by the bye, cost £2 10s. to £4 each, and it is pleasant to know that when it was announced in the English newspapers not long ago that many of them were old English hunters, a laugh went up all over Spain. There is not the slightest truth in this suggestion.

According to John Paget, who has fought bulls professionally, there are two kinds of bull-fighting. One is a sport rather like hunting. The other is a big spectacle. He describes it as being "A ballet with a spice of danger," and "A trapeze act without the net." Actually during this season which has just come to an end, three star bull-fighters headed by Ignacio Sanchez Mejias were killed. This is about the average bag, together with eight or ten young fellows learning the trade at novillaras. Sanchez was killed very unfortunately, according to the experts. He was doing one of the simplest parts of the bull-fight. He was sitting on the step of the barrier passing the bull by him.

A bull-fighter from long experience knows which bull out of every hundred will go straight for him when he is by the barrier, as opposed to tossing his horns and passing on. It was the hundredth chance that got Ignacio. "Sheer bad luck," was the comment of all his colleagues.

But at least, though he had only just come out of retirement, he left his dependants better off than most English Cabinet Ministers could do.

CONTRAST: La Serna (left) and Barrera (right) demonstrate in these two pictures different phases of the same pass. The former, with his heels rooted to the ground and committed for better or worse, shows himself to be a superior stylist to the latter who is on his toes. Result—La Serna, with only ten bulls to his credit received in 1930 20,000 pesetas per performance, while Barrera, a first rater with 500 bulls to his credit, got 10,000 pesetas

BRIDES FROM THE N

Child Marriages in India

THE BRIDE-TO-BE: Child marriage, the iniquity of which was so poignantly and dramatically revealed in Katharine Mayo's book, *Mother India*, still takes place in spite of the fact that it has been made the subject of legislation. This little girl, whose wedding is depicted on these pages, is only seven years old. The official minimum marrying age is fourteen

THE WEDDING PROCESSION: The priest leading the guests towards the temple. As a but there are lower castes in some parts of India in which the only ceremony of giving a feast to which the two families are invited

HERBS, FRUIT, RICE, AND COCONUTS which are used, by the priest, during the wedding ceremony and each of which has a special significance. Coconut milk, for instance, is symbolic of fertility

SEVEN WEDS SIXTEEN: The bride and bridegroom seated on mats and garlanded with flowers during the nuptial ceremony. The discrepancy in their ages appears not to matter, the girl's father being more concerned about the wealth of his son-in-law than about the welfare of his daughter

It is a strange reflection on the Hindu mentality that the sale by a father of his daughter, although it frequently takes place, should be stigmatized as disgraceful, and yet the giving away of a child in marriage to a man many years her senior should be regarded as right and proper.

Legislation a few years ago attempted to do away with these marriages, but in certain parts of India the practice still persists and it would probably be a big task for the authorities to stamp it out completely.

At the beginning of the last century it was the custom of widows to throw themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres. That blot upon Indian civilization was eradicated. Humanitarians to-day regard child marriages as equally iniquitous.

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Masters in the Hunting Field

AT THE OPENING MEET: Miss Mary Mills, who has just started her first season as Joint-Master of the Old Berkshire. This famous hunt has never before had a woman M.F.H.

STARTING HIS SIXTEENTH SEASON AS MASTER OF THE DARTMOOR: Commander C. H. Davey, R.N., moving off to draw after a meet at Ivybridge. The northern and central parts of the country are principally moorland and there are plenty of banks and stone walls for followers to negotiate

MASTERS ALL: Messrs. Tony, Dick, and John Widger who are in joint charge of the Lacken Blazers, a popular Waterford pack

IN DOUBLE HARNESS: Miss Diana Brackenbury and Mr. Davy, Joint-Masters of the Southwold, seen at a recent meet at Belchford, Lincolnshire

THE PROBLEM of the BEACON and the HERRING-BONE

The Success of the Latter, and the Initial Difficulties of the Belisha Crossings pictured

WELL WITHIN THE BELISHA STUDS: This nursemaid is crossing the road midway between the metal borders of the Belisha pathway. She must have satisfied herself that nothing was coming, for she is not looking to the right, the direction from which traffic is approaching

NOT SO GOOD: This maid is actively pushing her little charge across the Belisha pathway, but at the moment she is not within the studs. Three vehicles have just passed, so the road may be clear. Both she and her intelligent charge are gazing straight ahead

WHERE TEN ORANGE BALLS GLEAM: At this corner of Bedford Square ten Belisha poles greet the pedestrian and motorist. At the present moment main Belisha crossings and side-road pathways are marked with the same poles. The prudent motorist crawls through a bunch of this description. The drivers of these three cars were perhaps a little distracted, for they have got themselves into an interesting situation

THE "HERRING-BONE" IN USE: A picture showing how the pub "herring-bone" lanes. There are only

The fatal accident at a Belisha crossing which occurred on Thursday of last week, when a woman and two children were killed in the Chiswick High Road, drew the attention of the public very strongly—violently it might be said—in the direction of the whole question of these 6,000 crossings with their orange beacons set on black-and-white poles, and of the other crossings used by pedestrians.

It may be said at once that the "herring-bones" are being used by the public; there is a concentration of foot passengers upon these alleyways of comparative safety. An instantaneous picture given here of a very busy traffic point immediately below the windows of "The Sphere" offices, confirms this statement. Foot passengers are keeping within the white-lined crossings and the rest of the roadway is almost free of pedestrians. The purpose of the "herring-bone" may be said to have been accomplished by this concentration of humans at points where motorists must exercise a special consideration for the foot passenger.

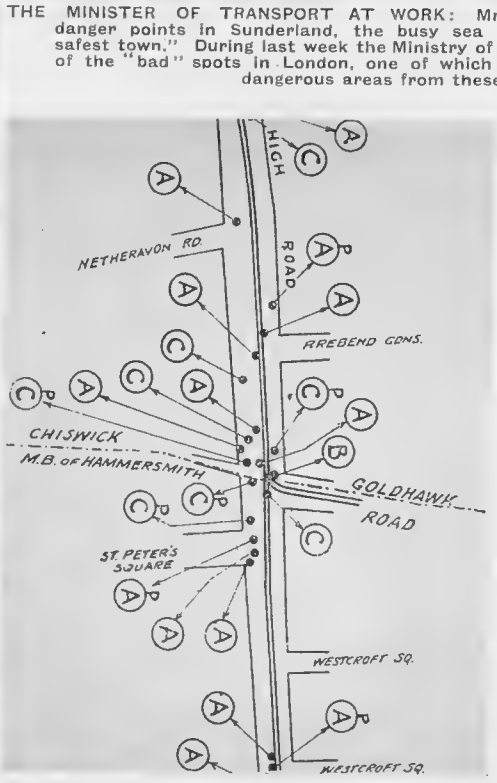
The case of the Belisha crossing is not so easy. Six thousand of these orange avenues are now in existence, but they have aroused criticism in many quarters. They are usually in quieter

public are crossing these busy thoroughfares at the white painted
nly a few stragglers at this busy point

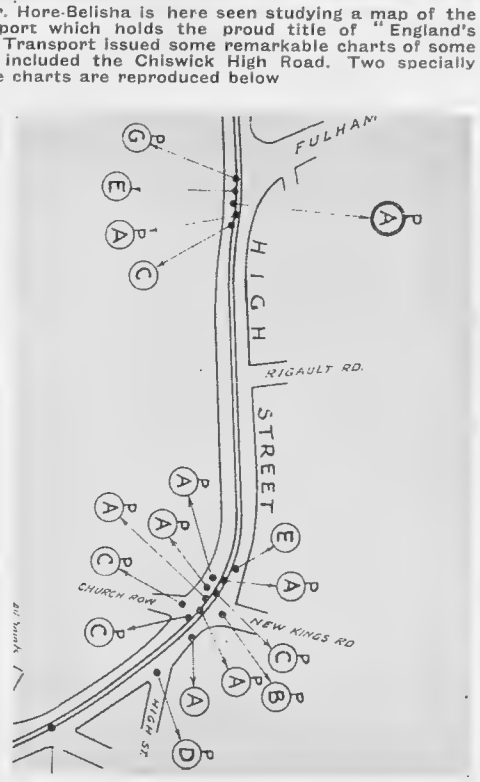
positions than the "herring-bones," so that it is not possible to visualize a Belisha in operation as clearly as in the case of the white-lined area shown on the picture given above. That bunches of poles were being erected soon became evident, and the Minister of Transport was gently twitted in the House of Commons for the number of "orange groves" which bedecked the streets of London. These gibes in Parliament were soon followed by a number of criticisms evoked by our leading evening newspaper.

The expressions of opinion were elicited from a number of firms or companies owning a large number of motor vehicles. In most cases the replies commented on an observed slowing-up of traffic and consequent congestion, and made no comment as to whether the pedestrian was safer or not safer between the metal studs of the Belisha. These crossings have not been erected in order to smooth out the movement of vehicular traffic. They have been erected for the purpose of giving greater safety to the pedestrian public, but the technique of using them is not proving easy to the pedestrian, and the motorist in many cases has not accustomed himself to giving way to the pedestrian to the extent intended by the new regulations.

THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT AT WORK: Mr. Hore-Belisha is here seen studying a map of the danger points in Sunderland, the busy sea port which holds the proud title of "England's safest town." During last week the Ministry of Transport issued some remarkable charts of some of the "bad" spots in London, one of which included the Chiswick High Road. Two specially dangerous areas from these charts are reproduced below



ACCIDENTS IN KING STREET, HAMMERSMITH: This chart shows accidents which have taken place during six months ending September 30. (a) Signifies private motor car, (b) motor van, lorry, etc., and (c) a pedal cycle



ACCIDENTS IN HIGH STREET, FULHAM: This chart shows two groups of accidents in the Fulham High Street. The letter P superimposed on the circles indicates that a pedestrian was involved

THE SCENE OF A FATAL ACCIDENT ON A BELISHA CROSSING: It was at this point in the Chiswick High Road, one of the specially dangerous routes indicated by the Ministry of Transport, that a mother and two children were killed on Thursday of last week. The picture is of special interest as it shows the studs as being visible although the highway was wet with rain

THE BANISHED HABSBURGS: The ex-Empress Zita and her eight children. Standing on the left of his mother is the Archduke Otto, the young Pretender who has high hopes of ascending the Austrian throne

THE AGE

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

HERR HITLER'S recent edict rendering countryless and propertyless a further selection of German notables, may well remind us that never before in history has there been a parallel to the array of banished eminence gracing the nineteen-thirties. As we know, hundreds of thousands have not ceased, for the most opposing reasons, pouring across their own national boundaries into other lands ever since the Armistice. Exiles all; symbols of the unapproached unrest of the times, refugees from, victims of, the social transformation without precedent that is in process of enactment. But here one would leave the multitude upon one side.

In this vast company there is sharp division in the matter of its more prominent figures. The Napoleonic epoch may have shown something similar; surely no other era. We see the better-known exiles split in two categories: (i) royalty, and (ii) some of the most gifted persons living, gifted in science, in statecraft, in literature, social philosophy, music, the arts generally. But all are waiting alike. Exiles always wait and hope.

Some of these outcasts it has been my lot to encounter. Last year there was a miniature settlement of German-Jewish talent or genius at the little, unspoilt port of Sanary, near Toulon. Thomas Mann was there, and his son Klaus (among the latest to be denationalized), and Zweig and Feuchtwanger. Mann related that his house in the pines, near Zoppot, had been burnt out, and everything in it. "Every little thing we cherished most," said Frau Mann. The Nobel winner now lives at Kunsacht, near Zürich, when he is not in the United States. He thinks that "perhaps we must have some great carthasis, some world upheaval and change of all our systems before the impurities can be cast out."

NOW IN SWITZERLAND: Emil Ludwig, the great biographer. He is only one of many men of genius who have had to leave Germany during the past eighteen months

Emil Ludwig has selected the Tessin (Italo-Switzerland). Most of them like to keep close up to their Fatherland. Dr. Bruening, as far as I know, is still on the South Coast of England, writing his memoirs. He is not in exile; yet I doubt if he will ever return to Germany under the existing régime. One of the least pardonable of the victors' blunders was not doing more for Bruening while the doing was yet good.

Albert Einstein, with Leon Trotsky, towers over all exiles. One has to go back to Rousseau and Voltaire for their like. "I do not intend to put my foot on German soil again as long as conditions are what they are," declares the great and wounded Jew who may some day rank with Newton and Galileo. Einstein is grievously wounded on account of what has beset his race, and because he totally disagrees with the Hitlerian aims and methods. He will spend half the year at the Sorbonne or on the Belgian coast (Le Coq), the remainder lecturing at an American university.

OF TROTSKY I had occasion to write some months ago. He is now safely stowed away up the Chamonix valley, whither they inveigled Stavisky prior to his reputed execution. You can only get out of the Chamonix valley one way, via Bonneville, so the job of watching the creator of the Red Army is simplified accordingly. Trotsky, it will be recalled, was earlier in the year found in Fontainebleau Forest, living under the name of Sodroff. He had been allowed into France, from Prinkipo, by Camille Chautemps, Minister of the Interior. Why? On what grounds?

Mystery. The latest explanation is that Weygand desired to get together with the remarkable civilian soldier! Officially, it was a case of bad health and humanitarian French compassion. Certainly Prinkipo can be most unhealthy much of the year. I was there in the summer of 1920 when no man was allowed on the island. I was going over to General Ironside at Ismid, and got a pass for Prinkipo en route. I found the island ruled by one Sergeant-Major Jones of Chatham. He had charge of 1,200 women refugees from the Wrangel débâcle in the Crimea, women who have since married through Europe. A most remarkable week-end. I wrote an article about it called "The Isle of Angels," which caused Lord Northcliffe to enquire what the deuce I was doing spending his money on Russian women in Turkey. But this has less than nothing to do with the particular refugees we have here under review. . . .

Let us ring the changes. Meet the Comtesse d'Ysette (pun for *disette*, meaning shortage, famine). Europe once rang with this lady's conception of how a Crown Princess of Saxony should conduct herself. The ex-Crown Princess now lives in Brussels on a very small allowance (hence that *disette*). Punctually at nine each morning a big, grey-haired woman, of healthy cheeks and chin denoting character, leaves a small house in the Chaussée d'Ixelles to do her marketing, for which she carries a capacious straw bag. She is always alone but never downhearted. Presently she will have bantering word over the vegetables, the butter, the chicken, in the market. This hausfrau will later return to do her housework, and then go for a swim in the neighbouring public baths (in winter, a long walk). After that she cooks and serves her own lunch. In the afternoon, a walk and reading. Finally, the evening meal and bed. Shades of Dresden! This one-time spirited Princess bears no rancour; and she gives no interviews and writes no memoirs. During the War, in Brussels, her three sons and former husband cut her. When her second husband, Toselli of the "Serenade," lay dying in Florence eight years ago, the Comtesse hastened to his side. Her one welcome visitor is the twenty-four-year-old son of the composer.

Oh, *Princesse Terrible*, dynamic Royal spark . . . marketing in a Brussels suburb!

An exile who must have as good a time as any is Abbas Hilmy, ex-Khedive, immensely wealthy from his Levantine date and tobacco plantations, and now quite good friends with us again. I once visited his (since sold) *Nimet Allah*, at Cannes. Unlike most earthbound yachtsmen at this resort, Abbas Hilmy really did sail afar, and he had a first-rate library and dance-floor and bar aboard. His Highness is exercised that we should not lose our grip on the Suez when the future of the Canal comes up for decision not many years ahead.

A second Near-Eastern exile of distinction I was once able to do a good turn for—every Boy Scout will envy me. I bought the ex-Caliph, the Commander of the Faithful, the Shadow of God upon Earth, a nice little paint box; and the Shadow, in return, gave me a pencilled sheet of his own musical composing. That was at Montreux, April, 1924. Kemal had put Abdul Medjid and his entourage (including four wives) on the train at Istanbul with £500 and single tickets to Switzerland. Several months elapsed before the Aga Khan and other Indian Princes came to the help of the Pope of the Muslim world. To-day jolly old Abdul, who sported spats and a monocle and had a winking eye which he could not control and which at first spread alarm and despondency . . . to-day this utterly un-Caliph-like artist lives at Cimiez. He was in pawn at his hotel when I passed by; quite in the best artistic tradition. (I omitted to mention that he played his composition on the violin and generously threw in a sketch of Mt. Blanc, opposite.)

HEIR-IN-CHIEF OF THE ROMANOFFS: The Grand Duke Kyril of Russia

To sterner stuff.

The ex-Empress Zita declined to see me when I called at Steenokerzele Castle, outside Brussels, in February, 1930. She will never trust anybody again. She thinks that

RUINED BY HIS CONVICTIONS: Ex-King Amanullah of Afghanistan who tried, before the time was ripe, to Westernize his country. He is now an exile in Italy

OF EXILE

Royal and Political Outcasts of To-day

Karl was outrageously tricked by all. Tricked back to Hungary; tricked out of his last wealth (jewels). This devout, single-purposed, forceful, shrewd woman of barely forty is challenging Queen Victoria's record for remaining in black and she prays that one day the body of the last Habsburg Emperor may be taken from its modest Funchal plot and reinterred in the Capucin vault in Vienna where lie 300 ancestors. They say Zita is now going to live near Rome, Otto having terminated his studies at Louvain. What an odyssey this young man has known. At six, being pushed aboard a Danube steamer by a British colonel. Then: Malta; Europa Point, Gibraltar; the Château of Prangins, near Geneva; away to Funchal; back to the fishing village of Lequeito, near Bilboa; on to Argelès-Gazost, by Lourdes; on to Savoy; on to dreary, rainswept Brabant where I found the family in a forbidding, turretted and moated castle of other times. Four of Zita's flock now live with noble families in Brussels, going to a convent school each day. The three youngest, the ex-Empress continues to teach herself. She has a lady-in-waiting and a chamberlain. The recent return of some of the Habsburg estates in Hungary is enabling her to change over to dearer but sunnier Italy.

FERDINAND, EX-TSAR OF BULGARIA: After the defeat of his armies in the Great War he abdicated in favour of his son, and now finds solace in the study of ornithology

Out in an opposite direction from the Belgian capital, you will come across the King of France, Jean III, otherwise the Duc de Guise. This is a case of real, deeply-felt exile. Up to 1926, the Duc was a complete, patriotic Frenchman, installed on his vast Moroccan farm near Laroche. He made and fertilized the whole countryside. He loved the life. Then he inherited the headship of the Orléans-Bourbon branch, together with some £4,000,000, and he and his family had to go into exile in obedience to the law of the Republic, because Monseigneur claimed the throne of France. The Duc and his heir, the Comte de Paris, have to abide by this territorial prohibition (though it *is* whispered that the Comte has flown over France and possibly done more). But the law is relaxed in relation to Madame and her daughters. They may go to Paris and frequently do; leaving the tall, bearded Pretender in his study at the Manoir d'Anjou. There, his pet hobby is studying past wars in which his beloved France was involved. Psycho-analysts might trace this passion to repression during the War years, the Duc having been refused entry into the French army and having to be content with the Red Cross.

THE SENIOR REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BOURBON-ORLÉANS FAMILY: The Duc de Guise, claimant to the French throne. He has made his home in Belgium

Nor are we done with Brussels even now. Note has still to be taken of another exile established locally: young Prince Napoleon, now twenty and good-looking. The last of the male Bonapartes in line direct has lived all his life with his mother, the former Princess Clementine, in the Avenue Louise.

Across to a fisherman's stone house in Brittany.

"Tsar" Kyril of All the Russias is well known on the Emerald Coast as *un grand sport*. He drives a small, high-speed car, and is a diehard of the St. Briac links. Yachts, too. Distant and haughty, Kyril retains two secretaries to keep up the claimant business, and he has personally supervised the education of his heir, Vladimir. The Grand Duke Nicholas denied Kyril's right to proclaim himself heir-in-chief of the Romanoffs. Poor Nicolai Nicolaievitch! He died of a broken heart, in comparative penury, and neglected, at Antibes, five years ago. They were going to sell up his little retreat. Curiously, I came upon him buying newspapers but a few days before the end. "*Pauvre vieux!*" exclaimed the *patron* of that little shop as the tall, bent, and emaciated figure painfully withdrew. I had a vision as it did so. Of six of us drawn up before that same commanding figure in the snow of Baronovitchi, in March of 1915. He detested war correspondents, and very nearly told us so. That wintry morn I saw all was up in my line, and I proceeded to join the Red Cross as chauffeur to Princess Baryatinski who used to act over here as Lydia Yavorska. In that way I managed more or less to keep up with events.

Wandering again. . . .

Yet these exiles somehow will keep on provoking memories. . . .

Exiles that have died in latter years have included the tragic Queen Natalie of Serbia, King Manoel, who made such a success of his exile, Don Jaime of the Carlists, and *le petit Shah*. *Le petit Shah*, you may say, died of Deauville.

King George of Greece has led a restrained, serious life during his decade of banishment; it is said that he holds himself in readiness for a return to Athens almost from day to day. London is his favourite plot-in-exile.

QUICKLY I pass by Doorn, wondering only if its master's dignified comportment during long years there, without tinge of mischief-making, will, down the years, wipe out a measure of the opprobrium and worse that was earned by wanton and unbalanced earlier behaviour. William II-that-was is by far the richest of all exiles, although he can't take his wealth out of Germany.

As rapidly, too, I mention ex-King Alfonso, "the Bourbon democrat with a suit-case." For ever rushing round Europe as Duke of Toledo, when he is not fleetingly staying put with some member or another of his variously-strewn and ill-starred family. The Duke of Miranda is his constant companion; and so do the two dukes sample the surviving gaieties of a Continent that is now conspicuously lacking in such. One has sympathy for King Alfonso. The blessedest boon a Royal exile can pray for is to develop some hobby—as, for instance, Manoel with his rare editions, or Ferdinand of Bulgaria with his ornithology. The Spanish ex-monarch remains a chronically restless young man though on the verge of fifty. Nor has he all the funds that are attributed to him. The Republic confiscated over £1,000,000 of his, together with all jewellery. Deposed ex-Majesty is believed to have about £10,000 a year, which is little indeed for one having so many calls upon him. Slenderness of income is one reason why the Spanish Royal Family does not set up house and settle down.

Citing of "Foxie Ferdie" reminds that here is the exact reverse of Alfonso: a hearty old Coburg Prince who has been able to spend his exile in the town of his birth, immensely wealthy, and keen as mustard on birds and butterflies, Egyptology, and gastronomics. A cultured mind, Tsar Ferdinand came well out of it; had all the luck, which he did not conspicuously deserve.

So much for "the Royals." Russia, Germany, Austria, Spain, Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Montenegro, drove out or otherwise removed their royalties as a result of 1914–18. We have seen what has happened to most of the victims. No doubt the late Tsar and his family would to-day be established in England, notably swelling the list, had the ruling Empress responded in time to Mr. Lloyd George's clear offer of sanctuary.

POLITICAL FIREBRAND AND UNWANTED WANDERER: Leon Trotsky and his wife. Every country in the world fears his presence within its borders as he is for ever scheming a return to power

Other figures, not of the purple, are scattered about the map, working out their exiles. There's Kerensky, who edited a paper in Paris until he had to close down latterly for lack of funds. Kerensky, for his windy fatuity when so much seemed within his grasp, has at least added a new characterization to our vocabulary. "The Kerensky of Spain," "the Kerensky of Austria"—we know at once what that implies.

And then there is Dom Sturzo, the one-time omnipotent Sicilian priest who did not hesitate to measure himself against the very Duce. To-day the scholarly one ekes out an existence somewhere in London, in oblivion. Count Sforza, erstwhile Foreign Minister, has had better luck. He writes constantly in the better American papers. And Signor Nitti, ex-Premier—there's another noted exile whose path I've crossed. He writes articles and books up Montparnasse-way, his apartment being the rallying centre of the cultured Paris *fuorisciti*. The historian, Ferrero, is also established on the Left Bank; while Professor Salvemini, one of the greatest living authorities on the intellectual history of the world, lectures at Harvard. It is recorded that upon his landing in America his first words were; "To breathe the breath of liberty! My God!" This must have been subsequent to the repeal of Prohibition.

Far away is Abd-el-Krim, in the Isle of Réunion, with his umpteen wives and other accessories. The French won't have him back at any price. Krim gave them much too much of a fright in 1925 when, copiously fed by "the merchants of death," principally American, he fought so well that Lyautey had to go out.

And now the King of Siam looks to be joining the band of banished ones, of his own volition.

There's Amanullah, too. Amanullah lives most of the time in Rome, with intermittent sojourns at a Vevey châlet. I rarely can restrain a smile when Amanullah goes on the typewriter. Those diamonds of his. For a long time (he may be doing so still) Amanullah, when he toured the Continent, was never without a pocketful. He would seek to sell a stone here and there, *en passant*, when short of ready-money. But, alas! those stones were, one

(Continued on p. 280)

VICTIM OF THE ANTI-SEMITIC NAZIS: Professor Einstein who was driven from Germany, his native land, on account of his political views and Jewish origin

THE MECHANICAL MAN

BORN IN THE WORKSHOP: Mr. A. Quisto, who specializes in making dummies for ventriloquists, with the head of one of his models. His latest invention, which he is having patented, is said to be able to talk, laugh, cry, and even smoke a cigarette

NOT SO DUMB: Mr. Quisto with one of his almost human dummies

A SUCCESSFUL PUBLICITY STUNT: Alpha, the Robot, the invention of a Londoner, created a great sensation when it was placed on exhibition a few days ago in Macy's Department Store, New York. It is made entirely of metal and can stand up and sit down, move its head, raise its arms, and answer simple questions

OIL!

America Finds New Wealth in the Islands of the Persian Gulf

PEARLS, now oil! They make a strange partnership of industries. Hitherto, the very name, the Bahrein Islands, has had a remote and other-world flavour, calling up a mental picture of the steamy heat and shark-infested seas of the Persian Gulf, of pearl-fishers at work among coral reefs, and the fascinating adventures of our childhood's friend, Sindbad the Sailor. To-day these little-known islands of the East are entering the arena of world economics.

The oil-driller of the Far West, the representative of the Standard Oil Company of California, is installing his derricks and machinery among the thousands of mysterious burial mounds of well-nigh four thousand years ago that cover some sixteen square miles of the largest island. The inhabitants of the islands see him on their quays and in their "suqs," those Oriental markets that have not changed since the days when the Sumerians and Babylonians traded there, save for the introduction of Japanese goods, of aluminium ware from Czechoslovakia, and American motor cars. Dates and coarse reed-matting, favourite building material of most of the islanders, live goats with their horns painted green, Indian corn, and mutton, millet, and sugar-cane still hold their own. But with the advent of the American oil-driller other changes are bound to come.

THE LOCAL INHABITANT is faced with the necessity of accommodating himself to new conditions. Being shrewd, he will discuss those changes thoroughly in the cafés beside the quay, where he squats on a low stool or bench for hours on end, noisily sipping coffee from a tiny, constantly replenished bowl and pulling at his hubble-bubble pipe. Those who are accustomed to the Arab and his point of view will prophesy with assurance that his conclusions and adaptations will turn on the financial profit to be made out of the new circumstances. The price of the sinewy chicken that picks a precarious livelihood on the dung-hills of Manameh will double itself; eggs will become singularly scarce and dear. The services of the untrained servant will be exorbitantly expensive. After the War, your cook in Baghdad cost you at least £7 10s. monthly. But an Arab becomes a good servant very quickly; he is remarkably willing to learn, and regarding himself as a member of the family—for the Semite is the truest democrat—he is honest and faithful according to his lights. Moreover, the work to which he will turn his hand is not strictly limited as in the case of the Indian servant.

Though the oil company is to be allowed to import machinery and general equipment duty-free according to the terms of the concession, the American oil-worker will pay the inhabitants of the islands—and handsomely—for the necessities and conveniences of daily life. Unlike the country Arabs of Iraq, the men of the Bahrein Islands are not particularly energetic outdoor workers; but for that the steamy climate of the Persian Gulf and the baleful mosquito are to blame.

ALREADY the concessionnaires of the oilfield are said to have struck oil in workable quantities. But the islands lie in a shallow sea strewn with coral reefs—so shallow, indeed, that the mail steamers that call there each week have to lie some three miles off Manameh, the chief town of the islands, and tranship passengers and goods in small Arab dhows. Under these circumstances, oil-tankers will have to be filled by pipe-line, presumably of the type used to supply oil-fuel to the steamers that call at Aden. Or the little island of Sitra, where alone there is some depth of water right inshore, may be used as a depôt.

Fresh water is somewhat scarce in the main island. There are a few springs; but, curiously enough, the chief supply of fresh water is obtained some distance out to sea. At one point springs in the sea-floor yield so copiously that the inhabitants of the islands have only to put down hollow reed tubes from their boats for the fresh water to gush up into receptacles on board. The late Sheikh Hamed ibn Isa al-Khalifa, however, visited England some few years since. He returned full of new ideas and with great enthusiasm for all that he had seen. In Muharrak, the northernmost island, where is the summer palace of the Sheikh, water is now drawn from artesian wells.

It seems strange to the lay observer that the concession for the Bahrein oil-field should have been obtained by an American company to work in a region so remote from its base. That there was keen rivalry for the concession has been common knowledge in the Middle East since some eight years ago. Possibly, one day, the oil interests in the Middle East will be more nearly consolidated.

Dorothy Mackay

LUXURY ON THE LINE

TRAVEL DE LUXE: A bedroom in one of the London and North Eastern Railway Company's new first-class sleeping cars

A SUITE IN MINIATURE: If passengers so desire it they can occupy two adjoining compartments; using one, as in the top picture, for a bedroom and the other, as shown here, as a sitting-room. This latest development is already extremely popular

THE SHOWER BATH: Another of the many amenities on the L.N.E.R. sleeping cars. When summer comes along it will prove an even greater boon during long journeys

SPORT: INDOORS AND IN THE OPEN

HIS FAVOURITE PASTIME: Roy Fox (left), the well-known dance-band leader, with some of the pheasants he brought down during an afternoon's shooting on Biggar Moors, Lanarkshire, last week. He is at present engaged on a tour of Scotland and the North of England with his band

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP . . .": A curling match in progress at Ryton-on-Tyne, County Durham. Scotland's national sport appears to be becoming increasingly popular in the North of England

TEACHING ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE GAMES: Mr. Arthur Rolfe giving a polo lesson at the National School of Equitation, near Richmond Park. He has only recently returned to England after spending ten years as an instructor in Germany, Austria, and Italy

Right—ANOTHER SONJA HENIE? Gerd Helland Bjornsted, a twelve-year-old Norwegian figure skater of whom great things are expected. She is now in London and is seen here receiving instruction from H. Nicholson, the British Open Professional Champion, at the Westminster Ice Club

The World of Books

Reviews by

VERNON FANE

THE second or complementary half of the historical fiction begun by Mr. Robert Graves in *I, Claudius*, is now published under the title of CLAUDIUS THE GOD (Barker. 10s. 6d.). We finished *I, Claudius* with the spectacle of the bewildered and unwilling cripple being acclaimed Emperor by the Imperial Guards after the murder of Caligula.

Still telling the story in the words of the apparently naïve and slightly pedantic Imperial historian, Mr. Graves shows how he was forced to reconcile his deep-rooted Republican instincts with the tremendous heritage forced upon him; how he accepted the support of the Army, and the capitulation of the Senate, to avoid civil war.

His administrative acts were, of course, remarkable, if only by contradistinction with those of the madmen who preceded him. He takes the inevitable ridicule with the easy tolerance of forty years' experience of it, but nevertheless plans and carries through public works of great importance. At the age of fifty-three he undertakes, and effects with no previous military experience, the conquest of Caractacus, King of Britain, only to be sorely harassed on another flank of his Empire by his old friend, Herod, calling himself King of the Jews, a nasty piece of trouble from which he was saved by the death of Herod.

All this time the charming Messalina had not only been deceiving him on a grand scale, but massacring his friends and relations in his name. Claudius's slow awakening to this state of affairs is perhaps the least credible part of his own story, but I have neither the historical knowledge nor the captious desire to labour the point. Suffice it that Claudius put her to death immediately.

Thereupon Mr. Graves conjures from Claudius's pen some ingeniously contrived philosophical musings upon the future of Rome; for the marriage with his niece, Agrippinilla, and the adoption as his heir of her vicious son, Nero, have somehow to be justified. The shadow of his inevitable doom is already upon him: there is some hope for Rome, but not in his time.

The committee of the Book Society work in a mysterious way their wonders to perform. *I, Claudius* was their "choice"; *Claudius the God*, by far the better book, they only "recommend" and do not even review it in their current publication. Yet these two books will be alive, and being read by thousands, as a classic of historical fiction long after most of the much-boomed "choices" have gone down into oblivion.

The trouble about writing so witty and delectable a book as *Nymph Errant*, dramatizing it and having it produced by Mr. C. B. Cochran, is that your next novel becomes "eagerly awaited," meaning that the critics and some of the public expect you to repeat the dose.

Wisely Mr. James Laver pays no attention and goes his own way; else, he may justly argue, he would still be writing delightful *pastiches* following the fortunes of his immortal Belinda.

Mr. Laver's new novel BACKGROUND FOR VENUS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is no *Nymph Errant*, but a justifiable development in Mr. Laver's career as a novelist. The Nymph was little more than extravagant fun from the word go; the story of John Fellows the artist, his exploitation by Mr. Austin Bloomfield, the most powerful and trickiest of dealers; the fight between Bloomfield and Handelsmann for the possession of a Botticelli, together with the love story of Fellows and Jill, make the pattern of his novel.

Satire is Mr. Laver's most dangerous gift: dangerous because its effectiveness depends upon a deep knowledge of the subject and all kindred subjects. In this book it is the art world he is tackling, and the result is wholly satisfactory. What a delicious caricature, for instance, is Mr. Algernon Poynton, self-appointed and inescapable patron of every "newest" artist, or the pathetic Perridan, the omniscient Vigarini. And even if Jill, who pursues her inconsequential but determined way through the "racket," is more in drawing with one of Mr. Laver's nymphs than life might permit, I for one can find her a delightful ornament to a story every word of which I enjoyed.

There is a quality of intimate and oppressive misery that German writers seem able to convey better than any others, and among them Hans Fallada is surely supreme. And yet there is so much more in his art than that, and it was the very human understanding in *Little Man What Now?* which made it a world-wide success.

A LITTLE-KNOWN MEMBER OF A BRILLIANT FAMILY: Alice James whose Diary has just been published by Macmillan's. She was the sister of Henry James, the novelist, and William James, the philosopher

SARAH BOWES-LYON, the talented young author of *Harum Scarum*—the life story of a horse (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. 7s. 6d.). She is a second cousin of the Duchess of York

In his new book Herr Fallada produces another *tour de force*. WHO ONCE EATS OUT OF THE TIN BOWL (what a title!) (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) begins with an account of prison life more credible than any I have read, and also more outspoken. Indeed there is a complete and generally very effective lack of reticence about the whole book.

As an ex-convict, Willi Kufalt, the principal character, tries various kinds of employment with different degrees of success, and with diminishing confidence in his ability to "stay straight." Finally he turns informer, but this has an unexpected result, and he finds himself back in prison to serve a seven-years' sentence.

Here he finds the old security, the strange peace that had been absent from his life of freedom:—

"Life proceeded duly and in order. He was utterly at home. And Willi Kufalt fell quietly asleep, with a peaceful smile on his lips."

There is humour in this book, but precious little of it; certainly not of the measure and order that lighted up *Little Man*. But it is a powerful and not easily forgotten story.

And so is A PIN TO SEE THE PEEPSHOW by Miss F. Tennyson Jesse (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). The detail of Julia Sparling's life and career is as fine a piece of work as Miss Jesse has ever done. The story in its climax bears a strong resemblance to that of a famous murder trial in which two people paid the extreme penalty. The dramatic intensity of this is almost unbearable; indeed, the whole of the latter half of the book is profoundly moving in its pitiful strivings with muddling futility.

THE POWER BEHIND ELIZABETH: William Cecil, first Baron Burghley, the political genius who forms the subject of a new biography by Alan Gordon Smith. The book is issued by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co., Ltd.

Miss Dorothy Whipple has written a novel about people who are as real, in fact more real, than one's everyday acquaintances. THEY KNEW MR. KNIGHT (Murray. 7s. 6d.) is the story of a family living in the suburbs of a provincial town.

They are a comfortable, united family—mother, father, two daughters, and a son—not very well off, but not living in poverty. Mr. Knight is an influential business man, the most prominent in their little circle, and he is both the bad and the good genius in their lives. It is actually through him that this little family, in their simplicity, are brought very near to ruin.

The story is quietly told, but it is anything but a fragile piece of work. The author's rare ability to write of things as they are without emphasis or distortion makes it memorable.

THE PROGRESS TO THE LAKE (Ivor Nicholson. 7s. 6d.) is a very different business. It is announced, optimistically I thought, as "a penetrating study of adolescence" and it thoroughly depressed me. This may have been precisely the effect which Mr. Richard Heron Ward wished his novel to have on readers, yet I cannot feel that he would be pleased to know how irresistibly parts of this book remind one reader of *Eric: or Little by Little*.

Yet in spite of these crudities, which are more of theme than of expression, Mr. Heron Ward has written something which is in no sense negligible. It is thoughtful, and has moments of sincere emotion, very well conveyed. Only I will not admit that a schoolboy exists who would willingly say:—

"Look . . . that shadow is the spectre that has haunted me, and from which I am now free. See it vanish."

PITCH LAKE (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.) has the unusual distinction of an introduction by Mr. Aldous Huxley, and is a story of Trinidad, by Mr. Alfred H. Mendes, who is a new author with a natural and a vivid sense of expression.

He writes of this Caribbean island he knows so well, and of the extraordinary hotch-potch of races who inhabit it; English, American, Chinese, Indian, and Negro. The book is concerned with a vigorous account of a Trinidadian known to his enemies as that "stinkin' Po'teegee," and his lady loves, and ends violently with his murder of one of them.

It is a novel which definitely belongs to the school of realists, and is not intended for the squeamish, but it has great merits from any point of view, and vitality and straightforwardness of descriptive expression are not the least of these.

DOUBLE EAGLE (Selwyn and Blount. 8s. 6d.) is a translation of a novel that is unmistakably Russian in its discursiveness. Mr. Michael Pravdin has written a story of Russia before and during the War. It may seem that there are too many too famous figures crowding the action of the plot, but as the author says, "this book is true from the first page to the last," and since he writes of historic times, his protagonists must necessarily be celebrities in this most publicized of worlds.

If you like historical novels here is exactly what you want, and if you normally have a prejudice against them here is something to convert you.

THE PROUD SERVANT (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.) is a tale of James Graham, first Marquess of Montrose, the man who said to Charles I that he would "raise Scotland for the King," and who wrote poetry a few hours before his barbarous execution.

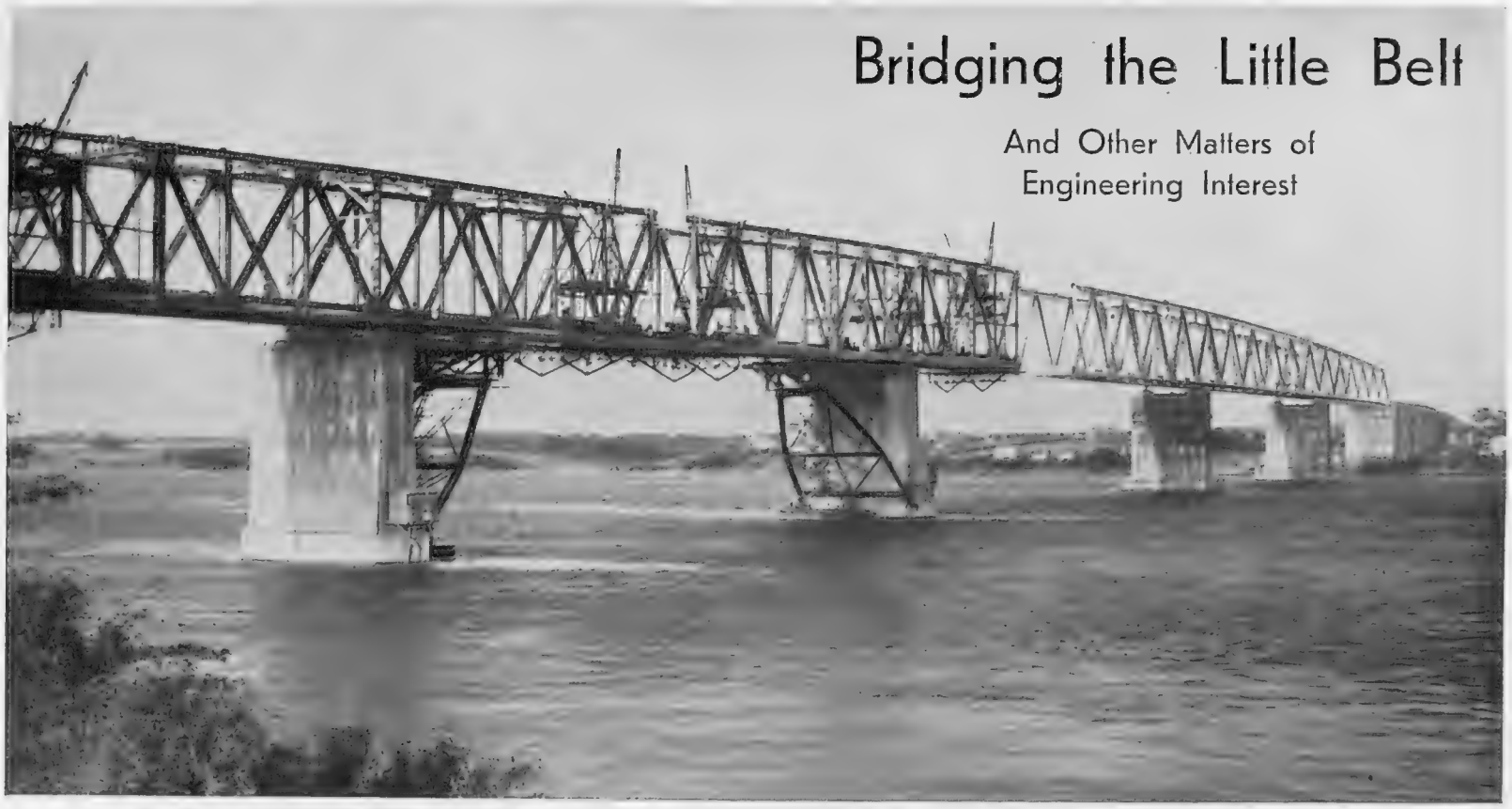
Miss Margaret Irwin's enthusiastic, almost tomboyish admiration of Montrose has made her perhaps a little undiscriminating in her arrangement of the material, for she seems to brood lovingly on those aspects of Montrose's career which most appeal to her, and to scamp others of greater historical importance. But it is a novel and not a biography, and it is the author's privilege to reach her effects by whatever method she chooses.

The women in this story are exceptionally well drawn, and as well as the unmistakable sense of adventure in the telling, there are moments of real poignancy which raise the whole work to the level of great tragedy.

On page 280 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past few weeks.

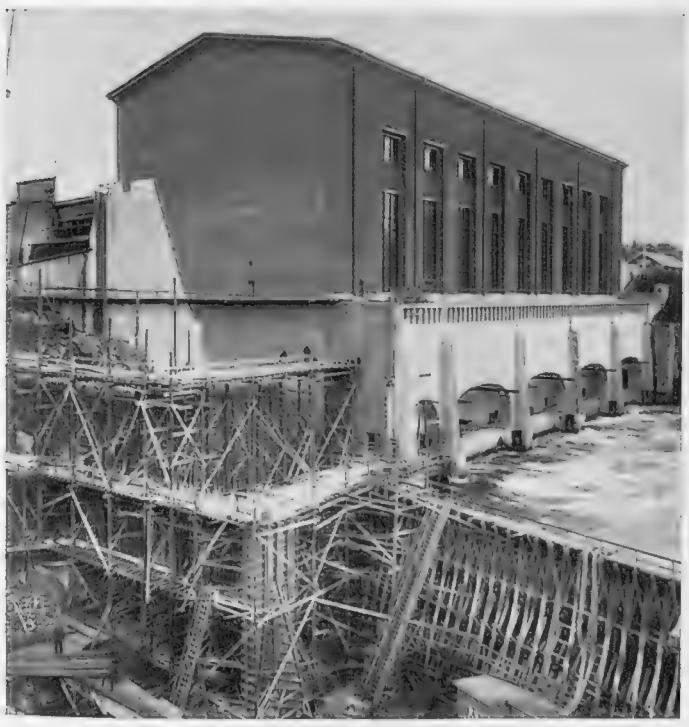
Bridging the Little Belt

And Other Matters of Engineering Interest

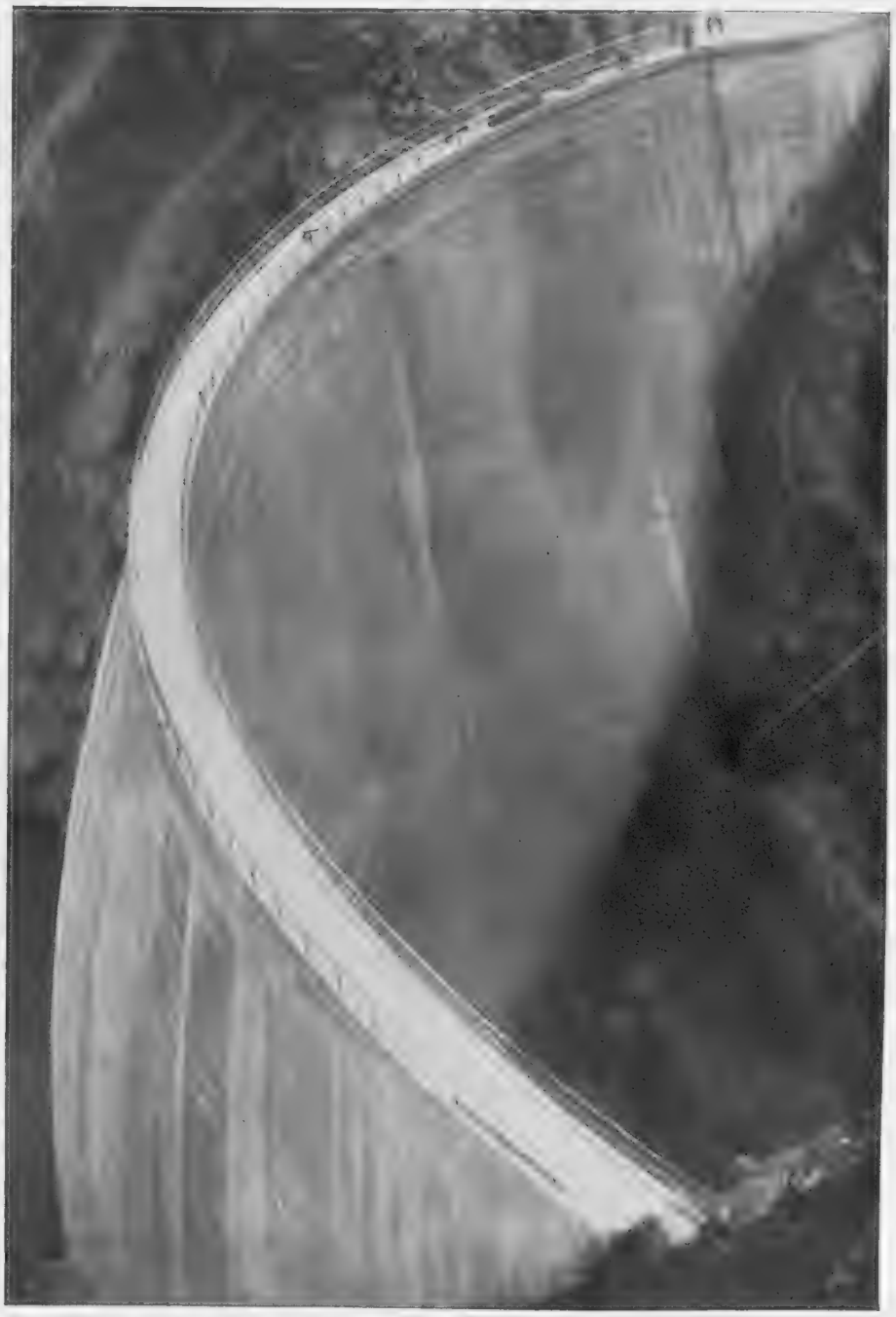


A GREAT PROJECT NEARING COMPLETION IN DENMARK: This bridge, which will be ready for use next May, is being built across the narrowest part of the channel known as The Little Belt to link the mainland of Jutland with the island of Funen. It will carry both a railway track and a roadway, thus doing away with the ferry service at present in use. The total length of the structure, including approaches, is 1,292 yards, of which 902 yards span the water

WHERE SOUTH-EAST FINLAND OBTAINS HER ELECTRICAL SUPPLY: The Saima, consisting of one hundred and twenty large lakes, finds a natural outlet into Lake Ladoga over the mighty Imatra Rapids which are said to be the finest in Europe both on account of their scenic splendour and the immense volume of water passing over them. These rapids are now held in check by a dam (seen above), and at the present moment further additions are being made to the adjoining generating plant



EXTENSIONS TO THE IMATRA PLANT: Work in progress on the building which will house one of the new generators



POWER: The gigantic dam at San Fernando, California, which has been completed at a cost of £500,000 and which forms part of a scheme for harnessing the rivers in the south-western States of America. The wall is 385 ft. high and has a thickness of 100 ft. at the base

THE GALLERY'S RESTORER: Mr. Holder re-touching the recently-acquired picture, "Crowning with Thorns." It is the work of Hieronymous Bosch, the fifteenth-century Dutch artist who was among the first to introduce satire into painting

MR. KENNETH CLARK: The enterprising Director of the National Gallery. He is only thirty-one

Bringing the National Gallery Up to Date

A Go-ahead Policy that is Re-awakening Public Interest in Britain's Art Treasures

A NEW BROOM is sweeping out the dusty mazes of the National Gallery, and, wielded by the vigorous hands of Mr. Kenneth Clark, the young Director who has just "breezed" into the sombre fortress of Art in Trafalgar Square, the broom is sweeping mighty clean.

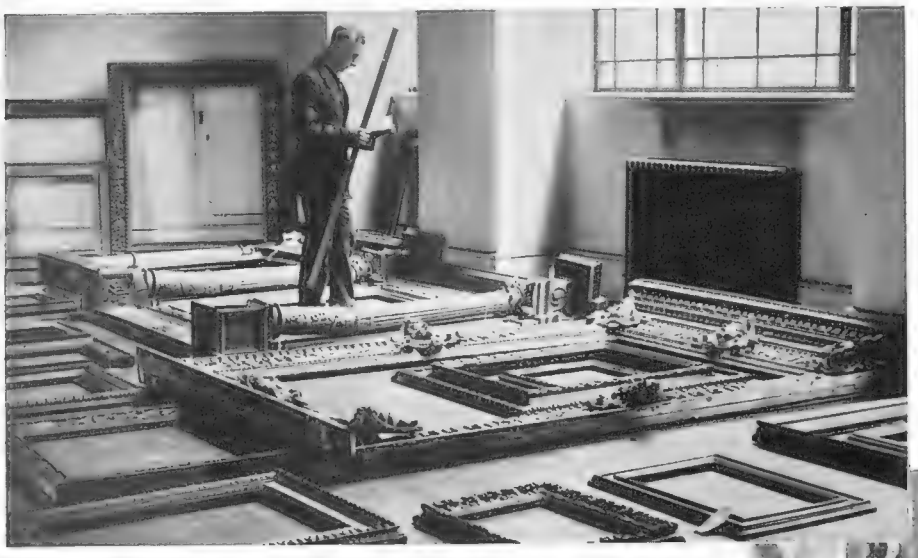
Mr. Kenneth Clark had not long been there before he established a reputation for "getting things done." The King's interest was aroused and His Majesty paid a visit to the National Gallery, a visit which has not hitherto been recorded. His Majesty was greatly interested in Mr. Clark's plans for putting the National Gallery "on the map" for the benefit of the people.

Not long after this visit Mr. Kenneth Clark was appointed Surveyor of the King's Pictures at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Hampton Court. *Ipso facto* he became Director at Hampton Court. As a result, there is no man in the country who exercises such power over the King's pictures and the national pictures as does this elegant but incisive young man. And his self-imposed mission is to make the public visit their own pictures, understand the value of their own property, and present their property in such circumstances that they will value their possessions and visit them again and again.

But he realizes that the nation's pictures have never had a chance to mean what they should mean; and that it is really not the fault of the mass of the public if they never realized what enjoyment there was to be had from them. For the last state of affairs the public can scarcely be blamed. To the vast majority of Londoners the National Gallery has been just a desolate building in which a great number of masterpieces of the world's greatest painters of the past hung for ever in a sort of static and quite unsplendid isolation from year's end to year's end. The artists were dead and the pictures seemed dead, although immortal. The National Gallery was merely a place for romantic assignation which took no heed of art; or a place in which to take refuge on a wet holiday afternoon. But that won't do for the present Director. He hopes by means of judicious publicity methods to make the National Gallery a Mecca for those who want to understand the meaning of art. In the old days which the new Director has left behind him, news of a new acquisition to the National Gallery was for the most part confined to a brief paragraph in the more serene of journals. It is Mr. Clark's idea to employ photography's aid. A few weeks ago the National Gallery acquired Hogarth's wonderful "Graham Children." He broadcast the photograph to the Press. It aroused widespread interest at once. To-day outside the National Gallery there hangs an enlargement of this photograph of the Hogarth painting. People pause, study it, and go in to see the original.

Soon that photograph may be replaced by another, that of another new acquisition — the "Crowning with Thorns," by Hieronymous Bosch, which has just been placed on exhibition. It has recently been magnificently restored by Mr. Holder, the National Gallery's expert in this matter. And so it is

(*Continued on p.* 280)



Left — A DIFFICULT TASK: Selecting and measuring frames for new acquisitions

UNSEEN TREASURES: There is no room for these pictures in the main galleries so they have to be stored downstairs in the reference section. Mr. Kenneth Clark is planning, in future, to exhibit them in rotation

AN IMPORTANT INNOVATION: Erecting scaffolding for the electricians who are now installing special lamps which will allow of the exhibits being viewed after dark

DICKENS and TOLSTOY Provide Stories for the Screen

AT THE LONDON PAVILION: Fredric March as Prince Dmitri in *We Live Again*—the Rouben Mamoulian production in which he co-stars with Anna Sten. The film is based on Tolstoy's novel, *Resurrection*, and is notable both for some remarkable photography and for the high standard of acting of the two principals

DOWN ON THE FARM: Anna Sten as the peasant girl and Fredric March as the democratically-minded aristocrat in *We Live Again*

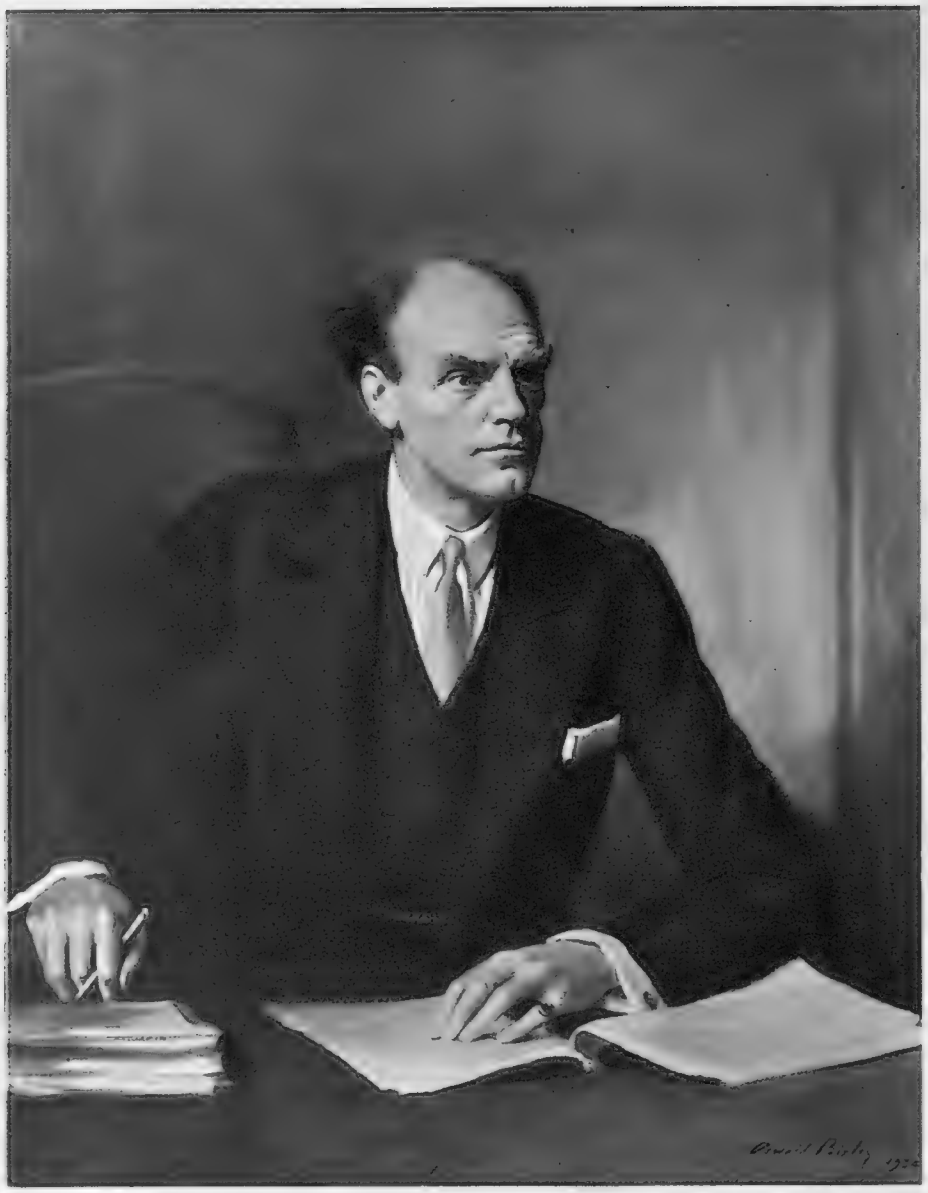
ON TRIAL FOR MURDER: Katusha Maslova (Anna Sten) hears the judge's sentence which condemns her to five years in a Siberian convict settlement. Another scene from *We Live Again*

A CLASSIC FILMED: Germans have always been Dickens enthusiasts, and the works of the great novelist are regarded by them with almost the same affection as they are in England. The screen version of *Little Dorritt*, which has ust been completed in Berlin and two episodes from which are depicted here, is therefore likely to prove a considerable success. The title rôle is being played by Anny Ondra, the wife of Max Schmelling. On the right Little Dorritt is seen with her brothers and sisters in the Marshalsea prison

AS PETER ETON SEES THEM: Pencil sketches of some of the Gaumont-British stars. Top left—Evelyn Laye of *Evensong* fame. Top right and centre—Two studies of the inimitable Leslie Henson. Bottom left—Donald Calthrop, whose latest picture, *The Phantom Light*, will shortly be released in the West End

A NOVEL MOUNT: Jackie Cooper, Hollywood's best-known juvenile player, riding a steer during a holiday on a Californian ranch

PORTRAITU



"SIR JOHN REITH"

A forceful study by Oswald Burley, R.O.I., of the Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation. The artist is a New Zealander by birth

BY SIMON ELWES

Lady Worthington-Evans, daughter-in-law of the late Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, the Conservative Minister

"DEACONESS ELIZABETH"

A pleasing example of the art of Thomas C. Dugdale, a prominent exhibitor both at the Academy and the Royal Institute of Oil Painters

"LIEUT.-COLONEL ERNEST ARMSTRONG," BY THE LATE JOHN COLLIER: A canvas in the artist's typically robust and straightforward style

IN PICCADILLY

at the Royal Institute of Oil Painters

"Portrait painting is the one section of the painting art which has never fluctuated in the favour of the public." These words, written in 1910 by M. H. Spielmann the noted critic, still hold good to-day, and, what is more, the standard of work remains as high as ever it was. For proof of this latter contention one has only to visit the 43rd annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters which opens this week at 195, Piccadilly

RE

At Three Outstanding London Exhibitions

BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY

The creator of this portrait of Princess Amelia had a considerable vogue as a Society painter in the early years of the last century

BY HARRINGTON MANN

Child studies of Lord Moore and Lady Patricia Latham (née Moore)

BY JOHN CONSTABLE

It will be noted that the background of this portrait of Miss Lyster is painted in with all the freedom and skill of the master of the art of landscape

"LADY PAMELA SMITH," BY HARRINGTON MANN: The second daughter of the late Earl of Birkenhead as a child

IN BOND STREET

at Agnew's and Knoedler's Galleries

The portraits by Sir William Beechey and John Constable seen above are now being shown at the Gainsborough to Duncan Grant Exhibition at the Galleries of Thomas Agnew, and those by Harrington Mann are at Knoedler's

NEW IDEAS FOR THE WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIAST

Clothes for the Expert and for those who Haunt the Nursery Slopes

All sports clothes must primarily be practical, and the best of them remain conventional, except in details, where originality is allowed full play.

There is a feeling this year for rather more latitude in winter sports outfits. Both plus-fours and long trousers will be worn, nigger brown combined with off-white will be a favourite colour, and gay little jackets will be worn when one comes in for tea, or wanders through the village, when the workmanlike jacket that one needs when actually ski-ing is too heavy and too dull.

Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus, W., have some excellent Tirolean sweaters in heavy natural wool, embroidered in vivid contrasting colours. They are very flattering and perfect against a background of snow and blue skies.

One of their carefully-planned ski-suits is seen below. In proofed gabardine, with a coat which has an adaptable collar and trousers with side zip fasteners, they cost 63s., while a double texture Greenfell jacket, which is guaranteed to be wind and snow proof, and is made in off-white, navy, and several bright colours, costs 63s., with man-tailored trousers in proofed West of England herringbone serge at 57s. 6d.

The skating outfit, sketched at the foot of this page, comes from Harrods, of Knightsbridge. The gored skirt is made in a light-weight woollen fabric, with stitched steps at the hips and at the hem a flared band, set on the inside, so that the skirt swings out in movement. In black, navy, and brown, or to order in any other colour, it costs 35s. 9d. The hand-knitted Russian cap with the astrachan-knit brim is only 12s. 9d., and can be arranged in many ways, and there is a large collection of sports jumpers of the type shown here, for 32s. 6d.

Proofed suiting trousers, worn outside the boots in the new way, and cut high at the back to keep out the snow, can be accompanied by a matching coat classically tailored and lined with waterproof silk, or by a gay hand-woven Tirolean linen jacket as shown here. This has facetted steel buttons, is made in off-white and comes from Fortnum and Mason, of Piccadilly

'GLOWERA' Model illustrated, **77/6**

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CONTINUATIONS

BRINGING THE NATIONAL GALLERY UP TO DATE

(Continued from p. 274)

hoped once a fortnight to introduce to those who pass the National Gallery another gem of art. By such means it is intended that acquisition after acquisition may be made known. For the National Gallery is, unknown to the public, constantly adding to its store.

The recording of this fact alone brings one to the many and unsung activities of the National Gallery "behind the scenes."

Below the floors the public treads are acres of galleries and workrooms and store-houses. Here are thousands of small pictures of great value and beauty which the public have never seen. It is planned that before long there will be three "Cabinet Galleries" in which those treasures will be hung in rotation. The present policy is that there shall always be something new. Thousands of paintings, drawings, and so on are sent into the National Gallery every year. The morning's mail in pictures is a bulky one. For the most part the senders make the most extravagant claims on behalf of the paintings they submit. Tests to the expert, however, are very simple. X-ray, ultra-ray, and microscopy soon bring to light the truth as concerns the genuineness of the actual painting.

Still, the Director and his experts cannot afford to make mistakes and out of the jumble sent in there is a certain number of pictures which must be submitted to the Council — the Hanging Committee of the National Gallery. Upon the Council rests the decision as to whether the pictures are worthy of purchase or not.

Then there is the question of frames. Thousands of frames on behalf of which extravagant claims are made are showered on Trafalgar Square. And frames to suit the purchases made must be found. Their selection is not easy. Moreover, there are times when the Director must make journeys to be sure that he does not lose a frame he needs. There is also the necessity for supplying the clamours of provincial art galleries for "loans." Sometimes we see a meagre paragraph to the effect that such and such a picture has been "loaned" to such and such an art gallery. What is not realized is that deep down in the cellars of the National Gallery there is carried on a business in pictures the functions of which can only be likened to that of a "lending library."

One would imagine that with all this, the Director would have a sufficiently busy day. But that does not content Mr. Clark. His Philosophy of Art includes "public interest." He realizes that the great majority of workers can never explore the Treasure House of the National Gallery because it closes when daylight dies, and now it is to be illuminated after dark. But the question of expense is a matter for the Treasury. And one day perhaps there will be rest-rooms— for looking at pictures in the bulk is a fatiguing business. There may even be a restaurant. Well, let's hope for the best. The idea of introducing the National Gallery as a "live show" with "uplift" is a novel one. May Mr. Kenneth Clark "put it over."

Edward Bradden.

THE NEW NICARAGUAN MINISTER IN LONDON: Dr. Constantino Herdocia, who was received in audience by the King on November 6. He also represents his country in France.

THE AGE OF EXILE

(Continued from p. 269)

and all, so dreadfully cloudy. Nothing doing—or very seldom. It is even related that on one occasion—Lausanne, I think —suspicions were thoroughly roused, and the ex-King, who once was so féted at Buckingham Palace and in Moscow had to give full explanation.

Remarque, of "All Quiet," Toller, Bunin, last year's Nobel literature winner, are other outcasts and denationalized ones.

And without doubt I have overlooked many more. Veritable age of exile, whose victims great and small, ever held by a nostalgia that does not diminish, wait—and hope.

A BOOK LIST

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WINTER SPORTS CALLING

The Snowfields of Switzerland

Autumn days, and a decided nip in the air, instinctively lead those who have experienced their delights to listen-in to "winter sports calling." And what a call it is; to the high snowfields, where, in blazing sunshine, under the bluest of skies, surrounded by majestic mountain peaks of dazzling white, you skim over the frozen snow at a thrilling pace, no wind to retard you, and feel such an exhilaration in speeding through the crisp, dry air that you forget all else, and have but one desire—to go on, and on, and on!

One does not acquire the art of ski-ing without some effort, but generally speaking, it does not take long to learn sufficient to enable you to have a lot of fun, and the fine feeling of independence you gain once you have learned how to take a slope properly, to check your speed when necessary, and to do your "turns," is worth all the tumbles you may have had. Moreover, all the Swiss winter sports resorts now have schools of ski-ing where the most competent of instructors give tuition in ski technique, and this is so standardized that should you move from one centre to another whilst you are under instruction, you are able to resume your lessons there at the stage already reached.

All visitors are welcomed at these ski-ing schools, and whether apt to learn, or slow, the sound tuition given, combined with constant practice, enables the pupil to attain a sufficient degree of proficiency to be able to sally forth on expeditions to fine view-points, there to eat a fruit and sandwich lunch in the sunshine, and afterwards dash off downhill home—for a bath and a change, and the evening dance.

Thus Switzerland has set out to make her wonderful snowfields available to the fullest extent for her winter sports guests; and to make the stay as inexpensive as possible special reductions on railway fares of 30 per cent. are given on return and circular tickets on the Swiss railways, when purchased in this country, whilst the hotels generally have reduced their prices to a level which almost compensates for the difference in the Swiss exchange, and brings the cost of a winter sports holiday down to very near the level of what it used to be in the days when we, too, were on the gold standard. Bookings so far are good, many special trains are being run, and the prospect of a successful season is certainly very hopeful.

Once you have made up your mind to exchange the chilliness of winter here for the warmth of summer sunshine amongst the Swiss snows, a couple of hours' rail journey to the coast one afternoon, an hour's Channel crossing, and then—a special train waiting, on which a really good dinner is served, bears you off swiftly through France and across the frontier—to wake in Switzerland, and before you eat your next evening meal you will have had some practice on the ski-ing slopes, or a turn on skates round the ice rink. It is all so simple, and done with such ease, and you need have no fear as to your comfort in a Swiss winter sports hotel; you will find all your wants catered for to as near perfection as possible—and the warmest of welcomes.

What is not so easy is to make up your mind where to go, for Switzerland has so many winter sports centres and all of them are so well organized, but you are sure to enjoy yourself whichever you choose. It takes a longer time to reach the resorts in the Engadine, but the journey there by the Rhaetian Railway is through such fascinating scenery that it is a most enjoyable one, and when you get to St. Moritz the exquisite beauty of its winter aspect will enthrall you. It is a wonderful place, St. Moritz, and easily the finest winter sports centre in the world, with as fashionable a crowd in the height of the season as you will find in the same space anywhere in Europe; but it is also a quaint, old-world Engadine town, with picturesque peasant houses of carved wood within a stone's throw of elegant hotels and fine shops displaying the costliest of wares.

ABOVE ST. MORITZ: Pausing to admire the twin peaks of Albana and Julier

It has splendid facilities for winter sports—a magnificent ice stadium, on which international speed races and ice hockey matches are held, also a Kurverein rink and many large hotel skating and curling rinks, horse-racing and ski-jöring on the large lake, tobogganing on the Cresta Run, and bobsleighing on a run which has earned nearly as great a reputation, whilst there are ski runs in every direction, the most popular being the one down from Corviglia, up to which you go by funicular. St. Moritz is justly proud of its magnificent hotels. The Big Five have a reputation that extends from Peking to Paraguay, and beyond, and there are few of the world's notabilities who have not visited one or the other of them. Each has its own special attractions, and at each you certainly get your money's worth.

St. Moritz can look forward to an exceptionally good season this year, as the World University Championships in ski-ing, skating, ice-hockey and bobsleighing are to be held there from February 4 to 10; and the World Bobsleigh Championship on February 14 and 15.

The Engadine also has Pontresina, with the wild scenery and magnificent ski-ing fields of the Bernina, a fine centre for ski tours, and with hotels of the first rank. Then, in the Grisons, we have Arosa, charmingly situated at the head of the Plessur Valley, with excellent snowfields, where the snow is generally unusually good and sunshine abundant, and a reputation for good sport which of late years has made it very popular with British visitors.

A THRILLING JUMP, but not so difficult as it looks . . . when you have learned how

A SKIER'S PARADISE: The snow-clad slopes of Arosa, one of the highest of the Swiss resorts. In the background is the majestic Weisshorn, which towers to a height of 8,700 ft.

It has good bobsleigh and toboggan runs, several fine skating rinks, is famous for its ski tours to the Hornligrat, the Arosa Weisshorn, and the Arosa Rothorn, and is easily reached from Chur in an hour and a quarter by electric railway. In the matter of height it rivals St. Moritz, for it is just on 6,000 ft. up, and its night life is after the St. Moritz standard for there are several fine hotels, very up to date in their appointments, with first-class orchestras and excellent provision for dancing. Davos, also in the Grisons, has for its great attraction the famous skifields of the Parsenn which it shares with Klosters.

The Bernese Oberland is a very favoured region with visitors from this country. Places such as Wengen, Mürren, Grindelwald, Scheidegg, Adelboden, and Kandersteg are spoken of familiarly in countless British homes, and you are certain of meeting a strong British element in every one of them. Wengen has a most delightful situation on the edge of the beautiful Lauterbrunnen Valley, where it lies open to almost all the winter sunshine that can be obtained, and it is one of the best organized winter sports centres in the whole of Switzerland.

You can always find out at the Kurverein exactly what is going on, and usually this means a good deal, for Wengen has good skating and curling, and a toboggan run down from the Wengern Alp which takes a lot of beating; whilst as for its ski-ing, it has some of the jolliest of nursery slopes right in the heart of the village where all the fun can be seen, and the run down from Scheidegg, to which you ascend by the Jungfrau Railway, is one of the best imaginable, for it has several variations and it includes all kinds of running—along the mountain side, over rolling fields (and "bumps"), and

(Continued on p. 284)

SPEED: On Plum-Pudding Hill, between Wengen and Scheidegg

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THE SNOWFIELDS

Scheidegg—Wengen—Murren—Adelboden—Gstaad—Zermatt

(*Continued from*

through a pine wood, with a good, straight, and fast "let-out" for the finish at the Café Oberland. The social side of things, too, is admirably managed in Wengen. There is no exclusiveness, and you are always sure of a good entertainment at one or the other of the many and well-run hotels, whilst the parties at the Palace have won a reputation that has travelled far and wide. Wengen is to be the scene of the British Ski Club Championship meeting next year, on February 26, and this should make its season a pronounced success.

Scheidegg is undoubtedly a ski-er's paradise, for you can always be sure of good snow there, up at Eigergletscher, or on the Lauberhorn, whilst the famous Jungfraujoch is within easy distance by funicular; and you will meet as cheery a crowd of sportsmen and sportswomen at the Grand Bellevue and Des Alpes as you will meet anywhere. I can recommend the run down from Scheidegg to Grindelwald; it has plenty of variety, and the bar at the famous Bear is a pleasant spot when you get there. Grindelwald is noted, too, for the quality of its ice, its curling, and skating.

Mürren, on the other side of the Lauterbrunnen Valley, prides itself on its School for Ski-ing, and its splendid ski-ing slopes. More public-school ties than usual will be seen there next year when the Public Schools Downhill Ski Race takes place, on January 9, under the auspices of the Kandahar Ski Club. A good second at Mürren is skating, and to be passed out as a Gold Penguin from the Penguin Club is to have arrived at as near the high-water mark of skating as most people deem possible.

Other events during the Mürren season are the International Curling Bonspiel, February 2 to 9; F.I.S. International Ski Races, February 22 to 25; and the Arlberg - Kandahar Ski Race, March 9 and 10.

Adelboden has achieved a certain amount of fame already this season—by fixing its own rate of exchange, which is to be sixteen Swiss francs to the £. It is a wise move, and I expect the difference—and rather more—will go back to Adelboden in the shape of "incidentals." Incidentally, too, it may well be the means of introducing ski-ers to the pleasures of the Hahnemoos and Bonderspitz runs, who should be highly gratified in consequence, and they will find the hotels of Adelboden quite equal to the occasion of catering for newcomers in a style calculated to induce them to make a return visit. I hear that other resorts in Switzerland have followed Adelboden's lead. Kandersteg holds its own well in winter sports, and no wonder, for it lies on the main Loetschberg - Simplon line. You get there direct from Calais, without a change, and you find there a most cheery crowd of people, all knowing each other. The manner in which the Kandersteg hotels combine to make the visitor welcome makes the place very attractive, and whatever else is needed, apart from its all-round sports facilities, is the fact that it is the curling headquarters for Cook's Challenge Shield Curling Competition.

WENGEN: A luge train starts on its journey

AT THE FOOT OF THE JUNGFRAU RANGE: A view of the Scheidegg hotels and the excellent ski fields by which they are surrounded

Among other well-known winter sports centres is Gstaad, which has a two-acre skating rink and a variety of ski runs offering good sport to novices and to experienced runners; and there is the Montreux – Bernese Oberland railway to take one to Saanenmöser and Zweisimmen. Engelberg, Rigi - Kaltbad, and Andermatt, in Central Switzerland, find many patrons. Engelberg has the only covered curling rink in Switzerland; a funicular which takes ski-ers up to Trübsee for the fine run down; and a bob run that is "great." Andermatt has the advantage of the

OF SWITZERLAND

(Page 282)

Resorts for the Novice and the Experienced Ski Runner

glorious snowfields of the Gotthard; whilst visitors to Rigi-Kaltbad will find it a very sunny spot, with a magnificent panoramic view of the lakes of Zug and Lucerne.

Then there are Zermatt, where the Gornergrat Railway gives ski-ers 6,000 ft. of downhill running; Diablerets, in the Ormont Valley, with fine ski slopes; Villars, with its splendid hotel and enormous ice rink, and a very handy funicular to Bretaye and the ski-fields of the Chamossaire; and Caux where, as at Villars, the sports facilities are centred about its palatial hotel, occupying a magnificent site on a wide terrace with a view of the Lake of Lucerne and the distant mountains of the Mont Blanc group. Caux has luge and bobsleigh runs 2½ miles long, good skiing slopes at Jaman, below the Rochers de Naye, to which you go by funicular; and a rail trip down to Montreux and its well-known Palace Hotel is always possible as a pleasant diversion.

Christmas and New Year holidays. These leave on December 22 and 28, for a nine or fifteen days' holiday at Andermatt, Engelberg, Grindelwald, Kandersteg, or Wengen, and the inclusive charge is so low that it brings such a holiday within reach of very modest purses. There is a departure also on January 3 for which a slight extra charge on the travel portion of the ticket is made.

In addition to these organized tours, Messrs. Cook have other inclusive tours, during December, January, and February to Andermatt, Davos, Engelberg, Grindelwald, Gurnigel, Kandersteg, St. Cergue, and Wengen, the length of stay in each case being twelve days. The very popular initiation tours will be to Kandersteg, where the services of Kilian Ogi, the famous Swiss ski-er have been retained, leaving on December 21, January 4, 18, and 25. There are special skating parties to Lenk under the supervision of Mr. Max Edwardes, N.S.A., Silver Medallist, on December 18, 20, and 27, January 4, 11, and 18, and February 1; and special ski-ing parties to Scheidegg on December 15, January 4 and 18, and April 17.

Edward E. Long, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

ON THE ALLMENDHUBEL: Much-frequented slopes above Mürren, a resort noted for its school of ski-ing

Service

The 1934–35 winter sports handbook issued by Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, dealing with Swiss winter sports centres, is full of interesting information of all kinds for intending visitors to winter sports. It may be had free on application to Messrs. Cook's head office in Berkeley Street, or at any of Cook's branches. Messrs. Cook issue inclusive tickets to winter sports centres in Switzerland, and to any part of Europe, or to Canada; a special booklet dealing with other winter sports countries may also be had free on application. Another interesting feature of Messrs. Cook's service is the special winter sports trains they are running to Switzerland for the

SHADOWS OF EVENING: The homeward run down the well-known Hahnemoos Ridge, near Adelboden

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THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON

ITALY: Ski-ing Amid the Dolomites—Lovely Cortina d'Ampezzo

ITALY is fortunate in possessing some of the finest ski-ing fields in the world in the region of the Dolomites—those magnificent, sharply pointed, and fantastically weathered peaks which stand out boldly from among great upland plains and rolling slopes and flood the snowy landscape with colour when they reflect the glorious hues of sunset.

Ski-ing is possible almost up to the foot of the towering walls of the Dolomites, which provide a natural shelter from the northern winds, and aid in forming a sun-trap in winter, when the sky is intensely blue, the air crisp and dry, and the snow of that powdery quality in which all skiers delight, for the average height of the snowfields is over 4,000 ft. and heights of 6,000 ft. and 7,000 ft. are available in many directions.

IN THE CORTINA REGION: A ski-run skirting a massive wall of rock

The Queen of the Dolomites is Cortina d'Ampezzo, which lies at a height of 4,100 ft., in the very centre of the ski-fields with a winter bright sunshine average of seven hours daily, and twenty-three fine days per month. These figures give a very clear idea of the ideal winter sport conditions you may expect with confidence in the neighbourhood of Cortina; and as for the facilities for sport, these are certainly of an all-round nature. There are skating rinks, the largest of which has an area of 6,500 sq. yds., with a comfortable up-to-date club-house and specially heated stands for spectators; and in addition to skating and curling competitions, there are exciting games of ice hockey, whilst frequently during the season ice carnivals are organized and the whole of Cortina is *en fête*. Then there is a bobsleigh track a mile and a half in length, and there are a number of toboggan runs.

Ski-runs, short and long, are available all about Cortina, and for beginners there are experienced instructors to put them wise, whilst for those who are at home on ski there are guides to take them out on the many expeditions available. Most popular are those which lead to the Giau Pass, the Tre Croci Pass, and the Falzarego Pass (in this neighbourhood, over 7,000 ft. up, there are two hotels, the Falzarego and the Marmalada, with good accommodation, and with fine ski-ing all round), and to the Nuovalau, 8,450 ft., and although the climb occupies about five hours, it is quite easy, and the descent is grand. Those who prefer to ascend in ease can take the funicular from Cortina to Belvedere, close to the snowfields of Pocol, where enjoyable sport can be obtained.

The organization of winter sports in the Dolomites is in the capable hands of the Sporting Club of Cortina d'Ampezzo, and the estimation in which the ski-fields of the Dolomites are held generally may be gathered from the fact that the International Slalom and Downhill Ski Races, under the auspices of the International Ski Association, were held at Cortina in February, 1932. Finally, at Cortina you have a splendid selection of hotels providing excellent accommodation at moderate prices, these arranged to suit all purses being from the pension and small hotel to hotels *de luxe*. There are two main routes to Cortina—*via* Calais or Boulogne, Basle, Zürich, Innsbruck, Brennero, Fortezza, and Dobbiaco, where the new electric trains of the Dolomites railway connect; or by way of Paris, Simplon, Milan, Padua, Belluno, and Calalzo. There is a reduction of fifty per cent. on all return tickets to Cortina, from the French-Italian frontier, and you have the same reduction from whatever station in Italy you return.

WHERE ONLY THE SUN LOOKS DOWN: High up amid the peaks

HIGH LEVEL: A beauty spot above Misurina

The winter sports handbook issued by Alpine Sports, Ltd., includes Swiss, Austrian, and Italian winter sports centres to which Alpine Sports book visitors, and they have winter sports special trains leaving on December 22, 28, and January 3, on which a heavy saving is effected on the ordinary return fares. Their winter sports Christmas holidays tour leaves London on December 28 for fourteen days to Mürren, for the Public Schools' Downhill Race, and there are special sponsored Alpine Sports tours to Andermatt, Arosa, Davos, and Lenzerheide on December 22 and 28, and January 3, whilst a novelty is a glacier ski-ing tour in the Ötztal, in the Austrian Tirol. An innovation in winter sports service this season is the new telephone broadcast service installed by Alpine Sports, which enables prospective visitors to Switzerland to ring up at any time, day or night, and receive a broadcast of the vital particulars of any resort they care to mention.

NORWAY: The Home of Winter Sports

Ski-ing as a means of locomotion has been practised in Norway for centuries past;- in fact, according to the old Norse sagas, it was known long before the Christian era; and it was, therefore, natural that ski-ing as a winter sport should have begun in Norway, in the district of Telemark, whence it spread all over the Scandinavian peninsula, and to other countries. Nowhere in the world will you find better ski-fields than in Norway, with its hundreds of miles of undulating moorlands high up among mountains that are less precipitous than those of the Alps; where it is possible to journey on ski for a great many miles in one uninterrupted run, and to tour the country in this fashion, staying a night here and a night there, in hostelries which make a point of catering for the winter sportsman, and are always ready to give him a hearty welcome.

As for climate, it is dry and sunny, and you may be sure of an abundance of firm, dry snow, from the middle of December onwards, and in the higher districts lasts until the end of April. The present is an ideal opportunity for a winter sports holiday in Norway, where the £ is worth over 21s.; and as for the journey there, you cross in modern, luxuriously-fitted vessels from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Bergen in well under twenty-four hours, or to Oslo, which takes somewhat longer, and from either of these ports you travel in great comfort by a Norwegian State Railways train to whatever winter sports centre you have selected for your stay.

Within easy reach of Bergen, on the Bergen–Oslo line, is Finse, 4,100 ft., the highest of the Norwegian winter sports resorts, where the season does not commence until mid-February but lasts until the middle of May and which has a snow depth ranging from 3 to 8 ft. and a 7 to 10-hours sunshine average in February and 16 to 18 hours in May. The Finsenut peak overlooking the fine, up-to-date hotel, affords a number of splendid ski runs, and the enclosed skating rink of 10,000 sq. ft. is an added attraction.

Not far from Finse, and fairly near to each other, are Geilo, Haugastöl, and Ustaoset. Geilo (2,600 ft.) is a very attractive resort, in a sheltered position, with good hotels, fine views of the surrounding country, and a March–April sunshine average of 10 to 15 hours. There are good nursery slopes near, and good ski-fields, high up above the tree line. Haugastöl is on Lake Ustavann, some 3,400 ft. up. It has ski runs similar to those of Finse, and a very comfortable hotel. Ustaoset has good accommodation for winter sports visitors, with splendid ski-ing grounds, and it is a good centre for excursions to Finse, Haugastöl, and all parts of the mountain plateau. Stalheim, reached from Voss, on the Bergen–Oslo line, has a wonderful situation overlooking the Naerdal, and is a good centre for ski tours, and Mjölfjell has good ski-ing slopes and easy access to mountain ranges ideal for downhill running.

MAKING TRACKS FOR HOME: Ski-ing on Norwegian slopes

Then, with access from Oslo, there is Lillehammer, a picturesque little town on Lake Mjösa, Norway's largest lake, with nearby hills for ski-ing, and with other facilities for winter sport. Not far from Lake Mjösa, too, is Hösbjör, a pleasant sleigh ride from Hamar, with fine ski-ing and tobogganing; and farther north on the Valdres line is Landaasen, finely situated; among the Jotunheim Mountains is Bessheim, with much open country, ideal for first-class ski-ers; in the Gudbransdal region, Feofor has admirable ski-fields; and farther north still, Dombas and Opdal are very attractive for ski-ing, amid the Dovre and Trollheimen mountain ranges. All of the centres named have good hotel accommodation.

Although ski-ing is Norway's principal winter sport, many of the winter sports centres have facilities for skating, tobogganing, and curling; and in Oslo, the capital, which, picturesque at all times, is seen at its best in winter time, there is opportunity to the full for the enjoyment of all forms of winter-sport.

Frequent electric trains take ski-ers to the famous Nordmarken woods, where the ski-runs extend for miles; the well-known "Corkscrew" run affords endless delight to tobogganers and to onlookers; and for skaters there are the rinks of Bislet, Daelengen, and the Frogner Stadion, where you will see some of the finest skating in the world, and frequently there are splendid ice carnivals. Finally, Oslo is the scene of national and international winter sports meetings throughout the winter, and at the famous Holmenkollen ski-jump some of the world's famous jumping records have been made.

NORWAY'S GLORIOUS SKI-ING COUNTRY: Mile upon mile of easy running in a land of scenic splendour

Canada's Winter Playgrounds

The Thrills of Ice Hockey

IN JOHNSON'S CANYON: Ski-ing near Banff—a well-known holiday-making centre in the Rockies

FOR those who can afford the time to go there, and you can do so with special return tickets on Canadian Pacific liners, some of the fastest and most luxuriously-appointed in the world, there can be no finer winter sports holiday than one spent in Canada, whilst you have the additional satisfaction of knowing that you get a £'s worth for a £, and spend your money within the Empire.

Winter sports have been practised in Canada for a good many years, and the standard that obtains now in every one of them is high, whilst in ice hockey Canadians are without rivals. To see ice hockey at its best, played before gatherings of thousands of spectators, you must visit Canada, and you can scarcely realize the pitch of perfection to which a toboggan run can be brought until you have seen the triple-chute toboggan run which starts high up under the guns of the King's Bastion on the historic heights of Abraham, and sweeps downward a full quarter of a mile to picturesque old Quebec's magnificent hotel, the Château Frontenac, and which, equipped with skating and curling rinks. and with nursery and other slopes near by for ski-ers, is a winter sports centre, and a very popular one, in itself. At night the toboggan run and the broad terrace of the Château Frontenac are ablaze with lights, arches glow with coloured flame, and with the reflection from millions of snow crystals the scene is one as of some Arctic fairyland.

Quebec and the Québecois take winter sports quite seriously except on ice carnival nights, and day by day throughout the winter you will see crowds of ski-ers sleighing out, and what a joyful thing is a Canadian sleigh ride, to Indian Lorette, Beaupré, Boischatel, or across the ice bridge to Ste. Petronille on the Island of Orleans, and just outside the city limits is the big Château Frontenac ski jump where, on competition days, you will see some very fine jumping. Curling is very popular in Quebec, ski-jöring is another pastime, and then there are jolly tailing parties out into the pine woods, and you get a chance of trying to get along on *racquettes*, as the Québecois term snowshoes. Other winter sports centres in Eastern Canada are Montreal, with its electrically lighted toboggan run, Laurentian Mountains not far off for good ski runs, and Ottawa.

APPROACHING THE FLAT: Slowing down after a headlong dash on the bobsleigh run

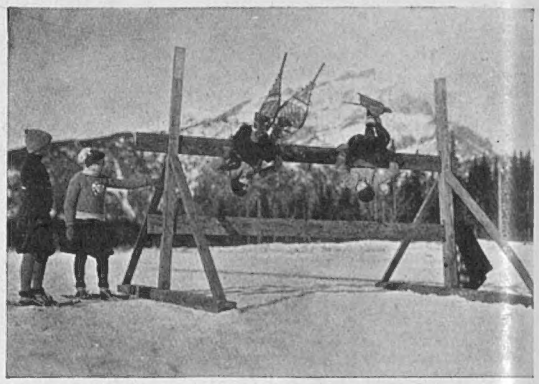
KENT HOUSE, MONTMORENCY, QUEBEC: Returning to the hotel after a day's ski-ing

And then out in the West, amid the mighty Rockies, at beautiful Banff, sheltered by the great mountains, with magnificent scenery and abundant sunshine, and to which luxurious Canadian Pacific trains bear you swiftly, there is a winter sports domain complete, with hotels of the first rank, extending the utmost hospitality to visitors, and with an organization which comprises every branch of winter sport and gets the best out of each.

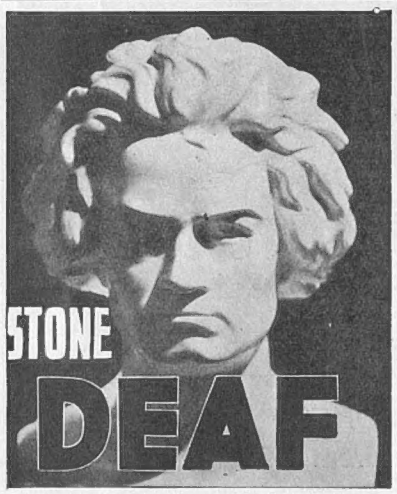
Here you can watch and play ice-hockey (teams gather from all parts of Canada to play in competition games), skate on rinks, or by moonlight on the Bow River, and get a new thrill out of the sport, toboggan down a run on the wooded side of Sulphur Mountain, curl, and watch Canadian Scotsmen curl at their bonspiel, take part in ski-jöring races, and go out on your ski freely, in all directions, for the country round Banff has level stretches and low, rolling hills, ideal for ski-ing, and there are pleasant excursions to ski-camps some distance out.

Carnivals, masquerades, balls, and Indian entertainments make the nights as enjoyable as the days, and when you leave Banff you are bound to do so with regret.

Edward E. Long



THE OBSTACLE RACE at a Winter Sports Carnival at Banff



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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

G., Hants (Iceland).—The best time to visit Iceland is during July and August, though June and September are also good. Owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream the climate is not so cold as one might expect, the annual mean temperature of Reykjavik, the capital, being 39·4° Fahr. The scenery is ruggedly beautiful, with many magnificent waterfalls, but there are no woods or forest and very few trees. Reykjavik has several good hotels and two cinemas. Many motor excursions can be made and the roads are good, but long excursions usually have to be made on ponies. There is quite good shooting to be had during the latter part of the summer (seals, wild foxes, and many kinds of birds). The fishing is moderately good, from the beginning of June in the south, and during July and August in the north (trout and small salmon). Furness-Withy and Co., Ltd., run a fortnightly service from Leith to Reykjavik during the summer.

H., Surrey (Madeira).—The average temperature of Funchal during January is 61·2° Fahr., and during February 60°, the latter being the coldest month of the year, though March is the rainiest. The climate is most equable, and there is no very marked change in the temperature after sundown. You would be well advised to take a lightweight raincoat with you to Madeira, for the occasional showers can be very heavy. Many of the streets are paved with cobble-stones; and for comfort, shoes, if not flat-heeled, should at least have rubber heels. The Savoy Hotel at Funchal is most comfortable, and though it is run by Portuguese, it caters very largely for English people, the cooking being English and French.

L., Sussex (Czechoslovakia).—The resorts in the Krkonose Mountains, to the north-east of Prague, offer excellent facilities for winter sports. They are neither large nor fashionable places, and you would get *en pension* terms for about fifteen shillings per day at any of the leading hotels there. Visitors to Czechoslovakia can obtain a special monthly excursion ticket, so that with such a ticket, the return second-class fare from London to the Krkonose, via Harwich, Flushing and Hanover, would be £11 10s. Outward travel must be made on a Saturday, and the passenger must stay at least seven days in Czechoslovakia. A very popular resort in the High Tatras is Strbske Pleso, to where the second-class return fare on a monthly excursion ticket is £13 9s. 5d.

Hints to Travellers

COOK'S NILE STEAMER SERVICES.

Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son's Nile Steamer Service brochure for the 1934–35 season comes as a reminder that for a superb winter climate Egypt is unsurpassed. The facilities for entertainment, the high standard of the hotels, which include the world-famous Shepheard's and Semiramis of Cairo, Cataract Hotel of Assuan, and the Winter Palace Hotel of Luxor, and the succession of warm, dry, sunny days, combine to make Egypt the ideal winter resort. No visitor to Egypt should fail to make the trip up the Nile, an experience which is both interesting and pleasant, for Cook's Nile steamers are the most luxurious craft of their kind. The principal service in the forthcoming season will be from Asyut to Aswan and back to Asyut, which occupies fourteen days and includes visits to every point of interest on the Nile. For those who desire to make a lengthier trip, it may be mentioned that this service will connect at the Aswan Dam locks with a service to the Second Cataract and back. Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son's Nile Steamer Service brochure, which contains all the information wished for by intending visitors to Egypt, together with a map and many delightful illustrations of Nile scenes, can be obtained from any of the company's branches.

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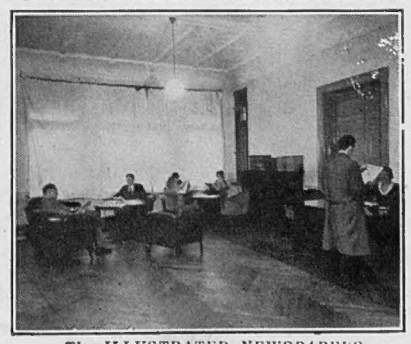

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